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DER BALL TOSSER.

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BY GUS PHILLIPS.

Barbara Fink vas a nice yunk gal,
  Und she vas pout sweet sixteen,
Und she used ter live in Avenue A,
  Und she vorked mit a sewing machine;
Und her hair vas black, und her eyes vas blue,
  Und her dress was pinky green.

Now Barbara had a nice yunk man,
  His name was Sharley Shnall;
He sarfed his dime as a tailor man,
  But he don't could make clothes at all;
Und der ony ling dot he cood do,
  Vas der blay dot game—Base Ball.

He generally used der blay shtop shert,
  Or pitcher behind der bat;
Und his salary dot vas pooty goot,
  For he vore a stripe plush hat;
Und his hair vas curly as shavings of wood,
  Und he creased dot hair mit fat.

Now Sharley cood blay dot game right shmart,
  He vas so dall and shlim—
He says, "I only vant a chance"—
  (Dey vas nefer doo hot for him)—
"I can ketch chust like a leedle bird;
  Yes, he chumps on a hickory limb."

Von day Sharley's growd dey blayed a game,
  Und Barby vas on der ground,
Und Sharley vas kwick like a mouse's trap—
  He vas ketching dem all around.
Vonce in a vile he'd took a "fly,"
  Und dwice in a vile a "bound."

Und Barby was dickled as death mit dot,
  For she liked him pooty well,
Und ven he'd knock a daisy scraper,
  She'd gry und a leddle yell;
Und den he'd make a big hime run,
  Und den he swheat like—eferyding.

Der game vent on dill der very last innings,
  Und it shtood about tie und tie,
Ven some person he hit a red hot one
  For Sharley to took "on der fly;"
But he didn't took it eckzeckly right,
  For dot took him in der eye.

Und chust as soon as he got dot dere,
  (I baed you dot make him howl),
Der vampire, gif oud his decision,
  Dot his eye vas oud on a "foul;"
Und dree outsiders dot no one don't know,
  Kommenced right away for to growl.

Und der game breaked up in a general row,
  Und bold of it glaimed der ball,
Und der vampire skydoodled like der duyvil,
  Mitoud giving some judgment at all;
But der judiciary committee vill settle dot
  Chust as soon as dey meet in der fall.

Poor Sharley vent home mit his sprained eye,
  Und his face all ofer his nose,
Und der mud und blood all ofer vas
  Mit Sharley's head and close;
Und Barbara had to lead him around,
  No matter verefer he goes.

Und after a vile ven Sharley got vell,
  He married his Barbara dear,
Und now he's a licensed wanderer,
  A peddling lager bier;
Und nefer agin will he spiel Base Ball,
  Of he don't git dree dousand a year.

THE GAMBLER'S ORPHAN;

OR,

THE HOPE OF TWENTY YEARS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XIV.

READING A PLAY.

Again the spring bloomed over Stanley Hope and the Beeches, and again the day was fixed for the wedding of Gerald and Alice. She had returned from her southern trip blooming and fresh as ever, with her glorious beauty freshened and enhanced by her absence from home. Gerald looked more manly, too; the year that had gone over his head since he had so nearly met his death by the side of poor Tom Jennings had added to his good looks and graceful bearing, and both families agreed that the delay which seemed so untoward had turned out for good. June was fixed upon now for the wedding—rather earlier this year than last. They were to be united in the very height of the season, and crowds of fashionable friends were invited to grace the ceremony. It was March when they returned to England, and they found the family at Fairy Villa comfortable, and to all appearance happy in their secluded home. Eugene was well, but Marie was as surely fading into her grave as the summer was drawing on; she looked as though a very short time would end all her cares on earth, though she still persisted that there was nothing the matter with her. Indeed the doctor, whom Eugene had insisted on her consulting, said the same. There was no actual disease; she was wasting without any apparent cause. She knew the reason, but she covered her wound bravely and hid her sorrow, going about her duties as though she had never discovered what had cost her such a terrible pang—the knowledge that her husband's heart had never been hers. He had but little leisure for observing her; he had become accustomed to the change in her and took but little notice of it. He was engrossed heart and soul in the preparation of a new work, a drama, which he hoped to get accepted at one of the London theatres, and which he fondly thought was to raise him to the pinnacle of fame and make his fortune. Thus occupied, his friends found him, when they returned home, so absorbed in the pet project as to be neglecting his regular employment.

In vain Gerald (to whom he read the work) begged him not to be too sanguine, and Lord St. Aubyn, who knew the world better than either of them, represented to him the difficulties in the path of an unknown dramatist; he was full of sanguine hope and would listen to no caution. His play was to make his fortune and that of his wife and child—the poor wife to whom no fortune could bring back the bygone days of trust in her dearly loved husband. Finding that nothing would turn him from his purpose, they promised to aid him all they could and apply to such managers as they knew to have his play produced. They had been so far successful that Mr. Chirper, manager of the Theatre Royal, Dredlington street, had promised to grant a hearing at least to the new author, and for that purpose was to visit the Beeches and there pronounce his verdict. Mr. Venables was not sanguine—indeed he had been somewhat severe upon Eugene for turning aside from the beaten path in which he had hitherto walked, and soaring into the unknown regions of plays and romances. He had not much taste for theatricals and thought the new work a terrible prostitution of talent. But Alice had her way in the matter; she thought Eugene a genius and was determined to make the occasion a kind of *fete*. She had not heard much of the play—only now and then had she been admitted to the author's study; he had shown a constraint and Maria a coldness towards her for which she was at a loss to account, and much as she longed to hear the story which the drama told, she had to restrain her impatience till his own time came. A select party were present at the reading of the play; Lord and Lady St. Aubyn, her father and Gerald, Marie Dubois and herself, Sir Marcus Llanwarm and Mr. Chirper were the most interested. The other guests had no particular reason either to approve or condemn what they heard.

Marie had with great difficulty been persuaded to come—she seemed to have no interest in her husband's success or to care whether the play pleased or not; but the plea that she put forth was the one of not being accustomed to society; she should feel out of place she said.

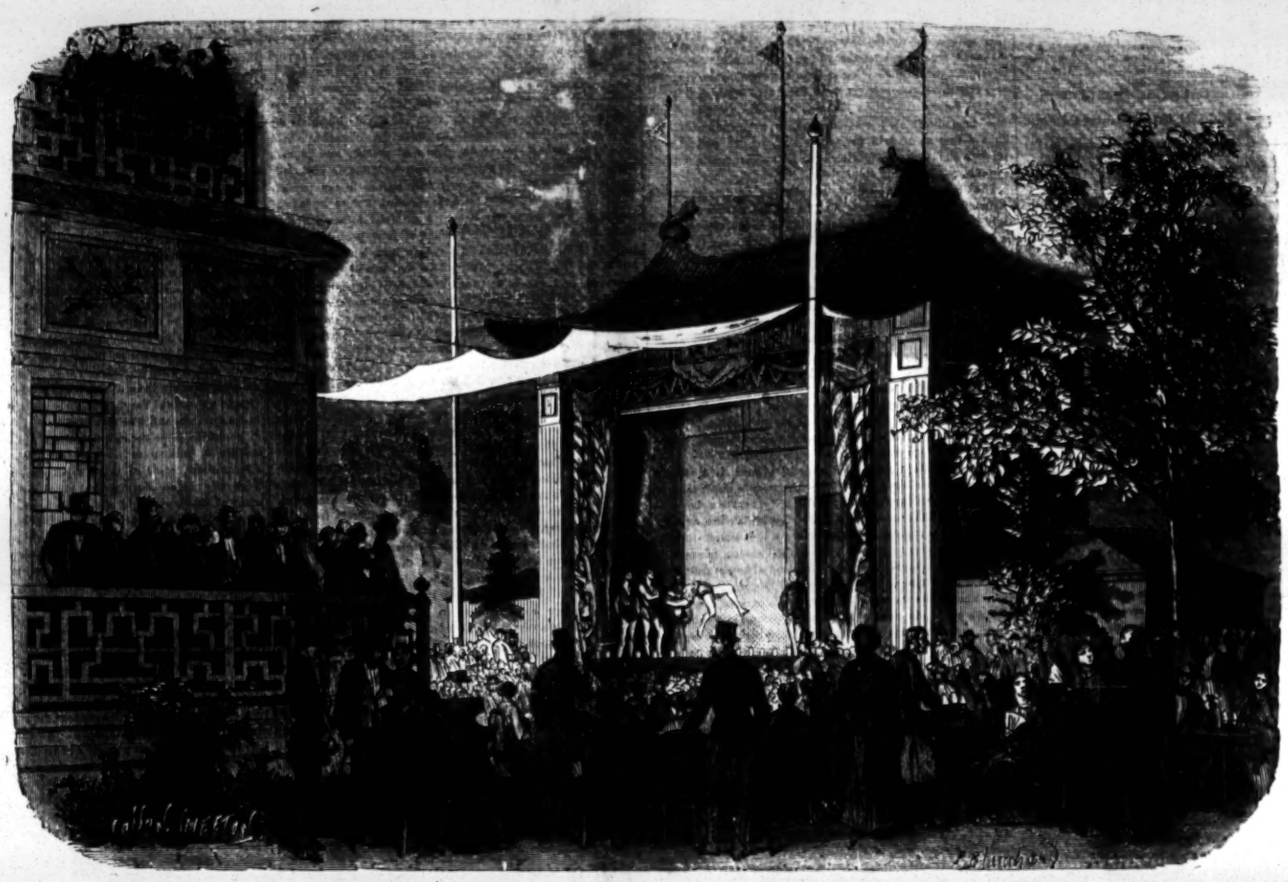
"But not with us, surely," Alice pleaded. "You cannot feel otherwise than at home in our house."

"You are always kind," she replied, gravely; "but, indeed, I should feel awkward among your guests; besides, I am not used to evening dress, and nothing that I have would do."

"Everything would do, dear Marie. It is only that you feel ill and languid; dress just as you like, and I will wear a demi-toilette to keep you company. Only do come for Eugene's sake; he will want his wife to share his triumph, for a triumph it will be I am sure."

"If I could only think that," said poor Marie to herself, as Alice left her, "I would go if it were twenty miles instead of one; but, alas! what his wife thinks and feels matters nothing to him now."

She went with her husband in spite of her objections, looking every inch a lady in her rich black dress, though its sombre hue only threw into greater relief the marble whiteness of her face, which was without a tinge of color. Many of the company pressed round who that distinguished looking young [illegible] Literary Bull-



THE CHINESE THEATRE.

so quietly by Miss Venables, and were not a little surprised to learn that she was only the author's wife. The reading was listened to with profound attention, Mr. Chirper inclining his head now and then with the air of a *connoisseur*, and with an air of extreme patronage withal, as though he fain would impress the author with a sense of his great condescension in giving up enough of his valuable time to hear him read his work. There were only two present who listened with real heartfelt interest and attention to the really beautiful poetry and sentiment it had taken poor Eugene so many weary months to fashion to his likings, and these were Alice and Marcus Llanwarm. Lord and Lady St. Aubyn both felt in their hearts that he had been wasting his time upon what would bring him but little profit, and Gerald shared the feeling to some extent. He was angry with his old friend for giving up, as it seemed to him he had done, his chances for getting on for the sake of a chimera, a bubble.

Mr. Venables was strictly neutral, expressing neither assent nor dissent, simply agreeing for the reading to take place in his house, and receiving Eugene and Marie with the courtesy that came so kindly and spontaneously from him at all times. But Alice and Sir Marcus listened with delight to the real feeling and genuine poetry, and when the author concluded—

> So fade all wordly schemes—ambition dies
> And human passions melt to empty air;
> One only stays behind—one only thrives
> In earthly soil; Love lives and is immortal!—

there were tears in her eyes and deep feeling in his. The rest applauded loudly, and the manager was profuse in his expressions of admiration.

"The drama was beautiful," he said, "very beautiful, a leetle too long, perhaps, and with a few faults common to new writers," with a great deal more that, to any one but Eugene, would have rung the death-knell of his play at once; but he pressed the question on Mr. Chirper so closely that that gentleman was obliged to give a direct answer, and tell him plainly that the play would not do for public representation.

Marie did not hear this decision; but Alice, Gerald and Sir Marcus did, and they saw also the heart broken look upon the author's face as he sat down in the background to hide his disappointment as best he might. Most of the guests had left the library, Marie among them. Lady St. Aubyn had taken her away, reading disappointment in the faces of all those who were met to judge, and these four were left alone.

"Oh, Gerald! you were all so hard—so hard!" Alice said, in a low tone. "Could none of you say a kind word for him? I'm sure the play is beautiful—such true poetry."

"Yes, plenty of poetry, but no sensation," Sir Marcus returned. "All that managers want now-a-days is a vehicle for introducing fine scenery and pretty faces. It is just because our friend is a true poet that his works are beyond the comprehension of such men as Mr. Chirper, who has no soul beyond canvas and paint-pots, tinsel and silk tights."

"But you will do what you can, you and Gerald," she pleaded; "for my sake. I shall be so sorry to see Eugene fail—it will break my heart."

"For your sake we will do anything. I speak for both of us," he replied, touching her hand with his lips. "Come along, Gerald, you and I can get this settled if we try. Why, man, you look quite cross about it—are you angry with Alice, or Eugene, yonder, or your humble servant, or have we offended you collectively?"

"I'm not angry, but I think it is utter nonsense; why cannot he keep to his work steadily and not fly off into romance like this? You know the play will be a failure; and Alice too. Why her behavior is perfectly childish."

Alice looked up at him in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" she asked—she had never seen him so irritable before. "I did not mean to offend you, Gerald."

"Oh, I am not offended—it's nothing—it will only be cruel kindness to get the manuscript accepted; you will see that when it is too late."

They left the room together, and she looked after them with tears in her eyes.

"What can I have done," she asked herself, "that he spoke to me like that?"

Eugene, seeing her alone, came forward:—

"I thank you very much, Miss Venables," he said, "for your kind and brave intercession, but it is useless; I read my fate in the manager's face long ago. You have only pained yourself by your interference; my play is doomed."

"It is not doomed," she said, with sparkling eyes. "It will live when you and I are dead—will survive a whole posse of managers, and be quoted from and read when all the sensation dramas of the present day are forgotten. It shall succeed, it will, it must."

"Better make him a laurel wreath and crown him with it, my fair young prophetess," said a laughing voice in the doorway, and, turning round, they saw Sir Marcus and Gerald in the doorway.

"Since we are all in a romantic vein to-night, perhaps it would be better," said the latter, in a tone which, though lively, did not sound hearty, "victors were always so crowned of old, and you are a victor, Eugene. The play's accepted, my boy; old Chirper has relented."

"He has, indeed, and herewith take my congratulations," said Sir Marcus, extending his hand kindly. "Let us, your friends, be the first to speak them."

Gerald's words were few, and, Alice fancied, cold. He would hardly let Eugene thank him for what he had done, and his handsome face was clouded as he shook hands with the author.

"Now, we'll go and find Mrs. Dubois," Sir Marcus suggested, "and tell her the great news, and then we'll all drink to the health of the new author and success to the new play."

He drew Gerald away, leaving Alice standing by the window, with Eugene at a little distance.

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad!" she exclaimed, with fervor. "What a success it will be; how I long for the first night of it to come! but you look *distrait* and sad. Are you not satisfied?"

"More than satisfied, but I dread the future still."

"How they will all congratulate you and your wife——"

"Don't speak of her. In all this gay throng I care only for one voice—one smile of approval. My success is nothing to Marie, nothing!"

"Oh, yes, it is—everything. But who is this mighty critic whose smiles you court, whose frowns you fear?"

"You, Alice—yourself! Your smile, your voice, are heaven to me—have been since the day we walked children together in yonder wood. Do you remember it? I do. It has been one of my pleasant dreams through all the weary years I have been away from home and you."

"Eugene, are you mad?"

"No, I have been mad, blind, foolish; but I have come to my senses now. Alice, while there are none to hear us, let me tell you of my wild, despairing love."

He seized her hand before she could withdraw it, and pressed kiss upon kiss upon her taper fingers, just as the curtains that veiled the doorway parted to admit Marie to the room.

CHAPTER XV.

FAILURE.

Marie's pale face disappeared from behind the curtains as quickly as it had parted them, and she leaned against the wall in an agony of grief.

"I wanted proof," she murmured, covering her eyes with her hands. "Oh, I have had it now—would that I could die!"

Neither of the occupants of the room had seen her. The passion which prompted the caress died out of Eugene's breast at the sight of Alice's terrified face.

"Oh, forgive me—say you forgive me," he pleaded. "I did not mean to wrong or frighten you, but the truth—for truth it is—which I have hidden in my breast so long flashed out without my intending it. Say you will pardon me. I will never so offend again."

"I don't think you will," she replied, quietly, drawing a little away, while the tears started to her eyes. "I am not angry, Eugene, but so sorry, oh, so sorry."

Her tears were falling now, and he was bitterly reproaching himself for his folly.

"What can I say to you? What can I do?" he asked. "I was mad to speak as I did, but I——"

"I think you were," she returned. "You have grieved me. I thought you loved us all—Gerald and me too—but as a dear brother might. You should not have marred your happiness like this—you should not have spoken so. I know very well you did not mean it—that you only did it under the happy excitement of the good news."

"Yes, yes; that's it," he said hurriedly. "It was all the excitement and the good fortune. I forgot myself, Alice—Miss Venables, I mean; and I trust you will think no more about it."

"Indeed, I won't," was her trembling reply, as Sir Marcus Llanwarm, Gerald, and some of the gentlemen came into the room.

"What! our fair enthusiast still closeted with the lucky author!" exclaimed the lively baronet. "And tears, as I live! Why, Dubois, what dismal story have you been evoking out of your repository of romance to bring such witnesses to her eyes? Gerald, why don't you insist on being told?"

"I don't think I should feel interested," was the short reply. "Romance is not in my line."

"I don't think you would," Eugene returned. "It was a sad story, and I chose an inopportune time to tell it. But Miss Venables has forgiven me. Have you seen my wife, gentlemen? I have not told her the good news yet."

"She knows it, my dear fellow. Do you think she would be left in ignorance till now? She is with Lady St. Aubyn, not very well. In fact, she has had a kind of fainting fit; the heat of the rooms, I suspect."

"My poor Marie—she is very weak, and a little upsets her. I will go and look for her."

With a slight bow he left the room, leaving Alice still standing by the window with a very grave face. Gerald marked this, and it seemed to annoy him.

"I wish Dubois had kept his play to himself," he said, testily. "It has put us all out of sorts. Here's my mother with her pretty eyes all red with crying, fussing over Marie, who is found fainting in a cold passage; and now here's Alice making a perfect fright of herself over a lot of stupid, romantic poetry. Bah! I hate poetry."

"And everything else this moment, I do believe," Sir Marcus said laughing. "Why, Gerald, what does all you—you look a perfect misanthrope."

"I'm wearied to death of all this sentimental nonsense, Llanwarm. Look at Alice there; she's in a perfect frenzy of melancholy excitement. I believe she is capable of crowning her pet author with a wreath of laurel leaves and earwigs, or any other vegetable monstrosity, in imitation of the fools of ancient Greece."

"A capital idea, upon my word! Suppose we do it in full conclave before he leaves the house. What say you, Miss Venables—an evergreen wreath, a bumper of wine, and a parting song—shall we celebrate the evening in the true dramatic style?"

"Yes," she replied, entering into the lively spirit of the baronet; rather piqued, too, at Gerald's contemptuous tone. "He shall have a laurel wreath, and Duncan shall get it for me."

"Don't drag me into it, pray," said Gerald. "You are a couple of babies, and like babies must have your own way. Shall I send you the gardener?"

"Oh, yes; send Duncan, by all means. He shall have the honor of gathering the laurels; we shall present them."

"What is the matter with him?" asked Alice, as he left the room. "He seems quite bitter against poor Eugene and his play."

"His practical mind cannot appreciate the utility of plays, my dear Miss Venables, that is all. He will get over it all in an hour or two. He thinks that you and I should join him in thinking that a seat at a clerk's desk would be fitter for Dubois than the back of a Pegasus."

"Eugene a clerk! Oh, Sir Marcus!"

"Better and wiser men than he have been clerks, Miss Venables; but here comes our worthy gardener."

"Was ye wanting me, Miss Alice," he asked, entering the room shyly. "Maister Gerald sent me in."

"Yes, Duncan, we want you to do something for us."

"And I'll dee it whatever it is, ye ken that fine, Miss Alice."

"Then I want you to go and gather me some laurel leaves, enough to make me a crown. We are going to give Mr. Dubois one; the laurel means immortality you know."

"And you think he'll be immortal, do you, my bairn? He may leave a lot of rubbishing poetry behind him, but ne'er a steady name for work; he's nae mair notion o' the ways o' the world than a baby—he'll gie siller to beggars and food to tramps, and ne'er think o' the cost."

"Never mind his shortcomings, get us the laurel, Duncan."

"Hadna ye better gie him a haill tree?" asked the old gardener, "instead o' a wreath; it'll answer for firewood some day, when he's gi'en awa' a' his substance and exhausted his brains, as he surely will before he dies."

Duncan was privileged to say what he chose, and Sir Marcus laughed.

"Not a bad idea, my most matter of fact friend; he shall have a laurel tree, and plant it in his garden."

"And you'll get us one now—this very minute?" Alice adde

"I'm thinking what your father will say to it, Missy."

"Oh, he'll let me do as I like. It's only fun you know."

"I'm no so sure of that," was the old man's muttered observation, as he left the room to fulfill her behest. "What is sport to some is death to others. I'm no blind. Duncan M'Shee can see as weel as the maist o' folk."

An hour later no small merriment was caused in the party by the advent of the old gardener and a footman with a thriving young laurel bush in a garden vase. Duncan was very comic in his introduction of the treasure.

"Is there one Mr. Dubois here?" he asked. "I was bidden bring him this bush from ane wha says he's to live for ever. I dinna ken whether that means till he dies or what."

"There couldn't be a better introduction to such a gift, Duncan," said Sir Marcus, while they all laughed and applauded, and Eugene looked puzzled. "Have a glass of wine and drink his health, and immortality to his works, not him."

"Here's yer vera guid health, sir," said Duncan, taking the glass, "and may ye—no, yer books I mean—live for ever; and as to the wee bush there, it'll be a big tree in time if ye tak' care o't. Dinna let the guid wife hang the claes on't, nor the bairns pu' the leaves, or it'll dee. Ance mair, here's lang life to you and it, and thank ye gentlemen a'."

He tossed off his glass with much relish, and bowed himself out, leaving a very merry company behind him.

"Duncan was only a dispenser of some one else's favors," Gerald said to the author. "This redoubtable laurel tree comes from Alice and Sir Marcus, and it is to be planted in memory of this, I trust, auspicious day in your fortunes. Now then, gentlemen, full glasses to the health of Mr. Dubois; success to his tragedy—and a song."

"We must have the ladies to give their wishes too," said Mr. Venables; "they are as much interested as ourselves."

They were summoned, and came to join in the general congratulations; and no aspiration for success was more fervent than Alice's as she touched the sparkling wine with lips which she could scarcely keep from quivering with emotion. Eugene's wild words to her had made her tremble for his happiness. Not that she thought for a moment that there was aught in them beyond a momentary excitement; but they showed her the instability of his character, and it needed no human skill to tell that he would soon be alone in the world—that poor Marie's place would be vacant.

"A song, a song," was loudly demanded.

"From whom?" Lady St. Aubyn asked.

"Oh, from Eugene," her son replied. "None of us can sing like him."

"One of your own songs, Dubois," said Lord St. Aubyn. "They speak to the heart."

Eugene paused a moment as if to consider, and then sang:—

> Oh call it not a desert,
> This pleasant world below,
> Say not the flower of sympathy
> For misery here doth blow.
> Affliction may have tried thee,
> Thy lot be hard to bear;
> Yet speak not so untruly,
> There are kind hearts everywhere.
>
> Battle proudly with misfortune,
> Nor heed how long the fight;
> Assistance, when least looked for,
> Oft comes to aid the right.
> Hope on, hope aye; though spirit crushed,
> Nor yield thee to despair;
> Through blackest clouds the sunlight peeps—
> Kind hearts are everywhere.

There was a pleasing, ringing melody wedded to the words, and no more appropriate tribute to the kindness of his friends could have been chosen by the singer. Applause and thanks resounded on all sides; but the tears that stood in one pair of gentle eyes were worth all to Eugene. Weak, wicked as it was, all the love for Alice Venables was returning with double intensity, and he turned from the pale wife at his side to the radiant beauty who was soon to be the bride of his friend. It was a happy evening and one long to be remembered, and the new dramatist went home with his heart once more filled with the wild, ambitious longings for fame which had been the drawback to his success before. It is hard after anticipations of victory to have to chronicle a defeat, but so it came to pass. The tragedy of which Eugene had been so proud turned out a complete failure; notwithstanding its beautiful language and its true poetry, it was not calculated to please as a play and it fell flat—nay, more, it was unmistakably and unanimously hissed. It was only what every one who had read it expected, but to Eugene it came like ruin; he had so concentrated his energies and wasted his mental strength upon it that its non-success completely prostrated him.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BUNDLE OF RECEIPTS.

The failure of the tragedy on which Eugene had so expended his energies and wasted his mental strength proved only the beginning of a rapid downward course, which ended in utter ruin and prostration. His nature was one of those which cannot meet adversity with the hopeful front of self-reliance and inward strength, but quailed and sank under the rod of adversity and the stinging lash of merciless criticism. Between him and his benefactors there grew up a coldness which they could not account for, and he would not explain, though, as is often the case, five minutes' conversation would have set matters to rights. Gerald had some slight connection with one of the leading daily papers, arising out of an important service once rendered by him to the proprietors, and in this paper there appeared the severest and most bitter critique of the play which was published. Some trivial circumstances occurred to make the author imagine that it was the man he called his friend who had done him this evil turn, and the first time they met he attacked him on the subject. He was rash and hot-tempered—and Gerald retorted as hastily—denying the authorship of the article, of which in truth he knew nothing; but still the impression remained. Eugene could not be brought to believe that he was ignorant, at any rate, of its insertion, and from that time their friendship cooled; Fairy Villa and its inhabitants were left unvisited by the families at Stanley Hope and the Beeches, and their names were rarely mentioned in the happy family circles of their benefactors. Not that Marie and her boy were forgotten—far from it. Many a kind present and message still found their way to them, but all actual intercourse ceased; Eugene had, by his folly, worn out the patience of his truest and most enduring friends. They thought of him more in sorrow than in anger—as men think of a fine, sensitive nature warped and blinded by circumstances, and spoke kindly of him, even in his wilful wrong-headedness.

Marie was dying, and poverty deepened around them; of those two facts there was no doubt. The little income secured to his wife and child he had managed to anticipate, though he could not touch the principal, and the household was sorely straitened. The wedding day of Gerald and Alice drew near, and the bride-elect paid a farewell visit to her old friends. She saw only Eugene. He opposed her going up stairs to Marie with a quiet persistence which pained and puzzled her, and she could not persevere. His manner was hard and cold, and the constrained way in which he spoke to her made any attempt at thorough friendly conversation utterly useless. She left him feeling sad and depressed, and her farewell to Marie and the boy could only take the form of a kind message after all. Both bride and bridegroom felt the absence of their old friend and his wife at their wedding. The happy dream of their childhood was dispelled now, and they could do nothing but let Eugene go his willful way alone. And a willful way it was—totally neglecting business and employment, which might have brought him enough for his daily needs. He gave himself up to wild scheming and visionary scribbling, while his wife drooped and faded, and his household went to ruin. His child was neglected and half fed by the ill-paid servant, and the once trim and elegant little villa took a sad air of forlorn desolation. One friend only remained steadfast to the unhappy author, and always defended him to the utmost of his ability, and this was Sir Marcus Llanwarm. He maintained throughout that Eugene would one day be known and acknowledged among the great authors of the day, and strove to make excuses for his idle and aimless life, declaring it was the eccentricity of a genius which would not be curbed, and that he would presently show the world that he was fit for other things than dreaming away a discontented life in a country house.

But Sir Marcus was abroad now, traveling, no one quite knew where, and not intending an immediate return. He had no idea of the labyrinth of debt and difficulty the author had plunged himself into, and immediately after the wedding of Gerald and Alice he left England for a tour wherever his fancy might lead him. Only one who remained in England cared what became of the man, who was only, in the eyes of his neighbors, a disappointed scribbler, and that was Duncan M'Shee. On the famous night of the reading of the play, and the half serious, half joking presentation of the laurel tree, he had heard a part of the reading through the open window, and had been not a little struck by the passages which reached his ear. Plain, untutored man though he was, he had a heart for true poetry, and he drank in with delight the beautiful ideas, clothed as they were in words more lovely still. He had watched how matters went since that night with the master of Fairy Villa, and was sincerely sorry to be a witness of the rapidly downward career of the really brilliant man. He had fulfilled Alice's parting direc-

tions to let Marie want for nothing that came within his province, to the very letter. Fresh vegetables, flowers and fruit were daily presented, or rather offered at the villa; for sometimes, when his darker moods were upon him, Eugene would refuse them with bitter politeness, and send the old man away with a sad face and a pained heart. He seldom saw Marie now—she was confined to her room, he heard, and whispers were rife in the neighborhood that she lacked all the comforts that an invalid should have. He formed a plan in his own mind, over which he thought long and earnestly, and at length exclaimed one night, much to his wife's discomfiture and alarm—"I'll dae it! my mind's made up."

"Dae what?" she asked. "Are ye gane daft, Duncan, that ye skirl out i' the dead o' nicht i' that fashion? Haud yer wisht and gang to sleep, and let me gang too; it's near daybreak."

So Duncan held his peace till morning, and then took his wife into his confidence. She demurred at first to the scheme, but came round in the end.

"We've neither chick nor child," she said; "and we'll hae enough to put us into our graves when a's done. Do it, Duncan, and the blessing o' heaven 'll gae wi' it, for it's for the sake o' the sick and helpless that ye gie it."

Duncan sallied forth, with importance in his face and something more substantial in his pocket, and set about visiting the various tradespeople of the village, to all of whom he knew Eugene was in debt. The first was the butcher, a rough, out-spoken man, whose bill was heavy, and who made no secret of it.

"Good day, Mr. Reid," he said, civilly.

"Good day, Mr. M'Shee. Any word of the gentry coming back?"

"Not yet."

"Ah, I'm sorry. It's hard work for a poor fellow to get along with both houses empty and people remaining in debt on all sides. There's that author fellow that my lord took up and made a gentleman of, £10 10s. he owes me, and I shall never see a farthing of it."

"I'm nae so sure o' that, Mr. Reid; I come frae Mr. Dubois the noo."

"But not to pay his bill? That would be too good a joke."

"Indeed I hae. Just mak' oot a receipt, wull ye, and gie it me; and here's the money."

"And has he come into a fortune?" the man asked in amazement as he presented the desired document, "or has he made a better play, and got it accepted and paid for?"

"I dinna ken; it's nae business o' mine. I'm only here to pay your bill; I didna spier where he got the money frae."

And so from one shop to another, till quite a little bundle of receipts lay in his pocket when he turned back to Fairy Villa.

"She shall hae peace, puir young thing," he said to himself; "she shall nae be worried, if it's only for Miss Alice's sake—God bless her."

At the gate he met the slatternly, dirty servant, the only domestic left now to the impoverished family, and had a few words with her; they were not many—but she went in-doors with the sullenness vanished from her black face, and waited on her mistress, as poor Marie had not been attended to for many a day. It was Mrs. Dubois that Duncan asked for when he reached the house, but he was told he could not see her, and was shown into the parlor, where Eugene presently joined him.

"My wife is not up," he said somewhat stiffly. "Can you not leave your message with me?"

"It wasna just a message—that is, I wad like to hae seen herself," replied Duncan, stammering in as much perplexity as though he had to confess to a great crime. "But sin' I canna, I maun just say my say till you. Wad ye mind sitting down a wee, sir, that I may feel that I'm nae just a stranger while I talk till ye?"

"I don't wish to make you feel a stranger, Mr. M'Shee."

"Duncan, sir; ca' me Duncan, if you please, I'm mair used till it."

"Well, Duncan, then. And now, what have you to say to me?"

"I want to ca' to yer mind, sir, if I may mak' sae bold, the night o' the party up yonder—the night when I brought yon bonny bush till ye for a sign o' yer immortality. The warld's changed a bit wi' a' o' us sin' that night."

"Changed!" exclaimed Eugene half to himself—"aye, indeed. Sunshine, friends, fortune, all gone—even the very laurel tree round which we sang such a hopeful song is fading in the sickly atmosphere of my useless presence."

"Na, na, that's wi' the heat," said Duncan, in his matter of fact fashion. "But it's about that I cam' to speak till you. Ye'd nae get muckle frae the playhouse folk for your tragedy, I reckon?"

"Get! Why it failed most miserably."

"Aye, aye, I ken; but that was mair for want o' hearts to understand it than want o' beauty in the play. I was there."

"You?"

"Ay, me and the mistress. Did ye no hear us applauding? We thumpit wi' the family umbrella till we knockit the brass ferrule clean aff, and we clappit till our very hands were sair."

"I only heard the hissing, have heard it ever since. But, my good friend, we are only wasting time. I scarcely think you can have come here to-day only to recall such unpleasant memories to my mind."

"No that exactly; but what I have to say was put into my head by your play. Eh, Mr. Dubois, it's a fine play, and there'll come a time when you and I are low i' the kirkyard maybe, when folk'll read it and feel it, and say in their hearts, 'A great man wrote that.' I see ye dinna understand me; but I'm coming to it, I'm coming to it."

He took out the bundle of receipts and laid them on the table, with his hand on them, before he went on. Eugene looked at him with a puzzled face. He could not make out his motive, but there was something in the Scotchman's manner which prevented him treating him with the same abruptness which he had got into the habit lately of displaying to every one.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHINESE THEATRE.

Our illustration this week represents a performance at the Chinese Theatre at the Paris Exposition. And this leads us to notice the partiality which the Chinese entertain for all kinds of amusements. Among these amusements that of theatrical representations occupies an important place. The theatre in China, however, is a very different sort of thing from similar establishments in Europe or the United States. The actors occupy a mean place in public estimation; they are not recognized by law; no female is allowed to perform; no free female is allowed to marry an actor; most of the performers are slaves of the manager; and to educate a free child for the stage is punishable with a hundred stripes. Notwithstanding these restrictions, the actors are a numerous class and their performances are exceedingly popular. They have no regular theatres, but are invited to private houses and occasionally exhibit on a rough stage in the open street. The government contributes largely towards dramatic entertainments, and permission is readily given for the erection of a stage in the street, the players being remunerated by a subscription amongst those who have enjoyed the entertainment. Theatres are built as if by magic. Two hours suffice to prepare a very complete stage of light bamboo, grotesquely decorated; a platform of board is elevated seven or eight feet above the ground, on posts; three sides are hung round with cotton cloth and the front left open to the audience. A company of actors usually consists of ten or twelve persons, under the direction of a manager, and wander like strolling players everywhere, from town to town, doing their best to gratify their patrons. Scenery is not employed. An actor advances to the front of the stage and informs the audience that the place is supposed to be a palace, a prison, a city, or a wilderness, leaving the rest to the imagination of the spectators. Every actor, also, on entering, gives his name, the character he is supposed to personify and his intentions with regard to the plot. The performance consists of *sing-songs*. The performer in the most critical and trying moments makes no attempt to express his sorrows in corresponding language, as all their tragedies are rendered remarkable by the absence of impassioned dialogue.

The hero strangles himself or stabs his enemy with undisturbed tranquility, and employs actions alone to signify the depth of his feelings. Conservative in this as in everything else, the Chinese adopt certain peculiar motions of the body, movements of the hands, &c., to express their theatrical grief or joy, and these actions are never seen anywhere else; their tones, also, when language is employed, are thoroughly "stagey."

The dramatic literature of China is singularly deficient in all essential requisites of this ancient and popular department of letters. Very few of the pieces produced in China have been translated, and to the best of these compositions but little praise can be awarded. They consist of tragedies, comedies and farces, but contain nothing valuable, excepting as far as they throw light on the character and social life of the most populous country on the globe.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEALY, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 21 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3 880 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

Pedestrian.—1. Jack Howard, of Bradford, Eng., jumped 20 ft. 7 in. at Chester Race Course, May 12, 1854, for a wager of £800. It was a running jump from a piece of board slightly beveled, but not a spring board. On the same day he offered to take £200 to £100 that he cleared 30 feet at one jump; he also offered to take his odds on his clearing 12 horses from a stone. 2. Howard was a very fast runner at short distances and appeared once in the P. R. with another pedestrian named Rush. He still lives and is much respected. 3. George Seward made his unequalled time of 9¼ seconds in a one hundred yards race with William Robinson, of Newton Moor, Sept. 30, 1844, on the Hammersmith New Road, Eng. Up to that time Robinson was without a compeer. They went off by a three yards scratch start, neither having any advantage, and Seward won by a scant yard. Seward first appeared as "Sherrin, the Cackfield Potter," afterwards as "Johnny Broome's Walter" and then was styled "the American Wonder"—a title he certainly deserved. He has long been located in England, where he has many friends. 4. Harry Reed defeated George Seward by 15 yards in a quarter of a mile race for £100 a side at Harrington Corner, London, Eng., June 25, 1849, making the fastest time on record viz.: 48½ seconds. Reed is now engaged as reporter on the London *Sporting Times*.

Butcher Boy.—1. Dooney Harris is a married man, and resides in Sullivan street, this city. 2. Jim Collins is of Irish extraction, though born in London, Eng., and has fought seven times within the ropes, beating Pickr', Jesse Hatton's Spider, Cronin and Bent, fighting a draw with Dacksam, and being beaten by Jerry Hawkes and Bob Furze. He is now living in this city. 3. No. 4. It is vacant, providing Abe has really "sold," as seems to be the case. 5. He has a class but we believe he does not give much attention to it now. 6. Yes; you can procure it by ordering through Wilmer & Rogers, 47 Nassau street, this city.

One of the Boys of Brooklyn.—"In a game of euchre, A and B against C and D, A deals and goes alone. D goes alone against him, and makes five tricks, and claims four points; A says that he is only entitled to two; a bet was made, and the decision left to you."..... If A made the trump, or took it up, and declared to go alone, then D had no right to go alone against him; and his five tricks only count him two points, for the euchre.

Syracuse, Chicago.—1. The change of edge movement is correct as you describe it. 2. To do it double is simply to perform the same movement on the other foot. 3. No. 23 of the programme is a one-foot spin done on the edge of the skate, having an oblong loop or loops marked upon the ice. 4. No. 24 is a movement on one foot, in which the skater changes from one edge of the skate to the other without touching the other skate to the ice.

J. H. D., New Brunswick.—1. One hundred lines (one third of a column) will suit you $15 for each week. 2. They get $150 per week. 3. Fifteen to twenty dollars each. 4. First you must take out a U. S. license, and then you have to pay a city or town license for each place visited. In some States you will also have to pay a county license. Billy is a good card, and his present salary is $75 per week.

Puzzler.—"At cribbage, A plays a five, B a four, A a four, B a tray, A a deuce, B a deuce, A a tray and *B a nine*. How many points is each player entitled to?"..... A was entitled to two for a pair, three for a sequence and one for a "go," as B's nine didn't come in. B was entitled to two for a pair and one for last card, if his nine was his last card.

F. L. K., Marengo, Ia.—1. No horse ever ran a mile in one minute. 2. Flying Dutchman's time, when he won the Derby in 1849, was 3 min.; St. Leger, 3 min. 20 sec.; Voltigeur's time in the Derby, 2 min. 50 sec.; in the St. Leger, 3 min. 21 sec., in the dead heat with Russboro, and 3 min. 24 sec. in the deciding heat.

Washington Gymnast.—1 When Russell won the medal emblematic of the champion ship, the contest lay between him and Tim Dermody, six competing. 2. They cannot be so considered; Harry's specialty is weight. 3. That must be mutually agreed upon beforehand; generally by grace.

Advance Agent, Boston.—The fact of your having traveled as a salesman for a large house is not sufficient to make you an agent for a show company. There are too many experienced agents idle for you to entertain any hope of obtaining such a position.

Inquirer.—Dandy wins. Collectors of Internal Revenue are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. It is usual, however, for the Secretary of the Treasury to nominate to the President, and he to the Senate. The Commissioner at Washington has nothing to do with the nomination.

R. C. L., Chicago.—1. The finding of a card under the chair of one of the players is no proof that he placed it there. If you can prove this, you have your remedy by refusing to play with him again. 2. If a player only holds four cards, it is a foul hand, and he cannot win, even if they are aces.

Checkmate.—1. It is quite lawful to take all your opponent's pieces, except the King, if you can, at chess. The King can only be checked, not taken. 2. It is proper to castle after having been checked, providing neither King nor Rook has been moved, or the King does not come athwart a check in so doing.

Greenbacks, Baltimore.—1. They receive a portion of the gross receipts after the nightly expenses are deducted. 2. Allen was born in 1850 and Emeline in 1852. 3. They are playing under no fixed managers, being stars. They have never been in California.

Miss H., Chicago.—The performance of "Julius Cæsar" at the Winter Garden in this city, for the benefit of the Shakespeare Statue Fund, took place Friday evening, Nov. 27th, 1864. Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., played Cassius; Edwin Booth, Brutus, and John Wilkes Booth, Marc Antony.

C. McL.—"At cribbage, A plays a Jack, B a Queen, A an eight, a 'go' for B, then A a deuce; then B plays a seven. A a five, B a six and then an eight. How many points is B entitled to for his play after the 'go?'..... Eight points; there for the first sequence, four for the second, and one for last card.

J. R. L., Ontonagon, Mich.—"At cribbage, A plays a deuce, B a king, C a tray—'fifteen-two.' A then plays a seven, B a four, C declines, A a five and claims five holes, two for thirty-one and three for sequence. Is he right?"..... No. How can 7, 4, 5 be a sequence? Where's the six?

M. C. D.—"A and B are playing pin pool. B bursts and draws a ball. A offers to bet he will pool. Now can B draw his last amount which he paid for his last ball if A should pool before B pools? Or is A not on his burst?"..... Yes.

E. M. P., Salem, N. Y.—The greatest standing jump on record, level, is 12 feet 8½ inches, by Bob Way, at Chicago, Ill., July 11, 1867. Baker cleared 12 ft. 6 in.; Chippo, 12 ft. 3 in.; and Hanna, 12 ft. 4 in., at the same time.

A. M. A., Chicago.—New York, 1,000,000; Philadelphia, 680,000; Brooklyn, 300,000; Cincinnati, 280,000; Chicago, 250,000; Baltimore, 250,000; Boston, 192,324; and St. Louis, 183,000.

Hazell House, Newark, N. J.—The player having too many cards should have all the points made by play on that hand set back; his adversary should take two points, and there should be a new deal.

Old Reader, Forestville.—The match on which the wager was dependent not having been played, but another substituted, under different conditions of time, stake, etc., the stakeholder ought to have returned each party his money.

Chas., Philadelphia.—If the parties do not take sufficient interest to send a notice of forthcoming entertainments, you cannot expect us to hunt them up. Perhaps you will send us a report.

Myer, Cincinnati.—You lose the bet, in so far as you had the same facilities for getting at the facts as he had. If you are satisfied that the party named is not the local editor of the paper, you must pay up.

Reader.—1. He comes from the west. Has been on the stage three seasons. First appeared with Wilson's Minstrels, in St. Louis. First appeared in New York with Bryants' Minstrels. 2. $500 a night. 3. Has been married twice.

Simon, Johnston.—1. Such an affliction would be a great drawback to you in the profession. 2 From $15 to $50 a week. 3. They pay their own expenses unless engaged in a regular traveling company.

Pat, Chicago.—1. Lotta is a native of New York. 2. She played in California for some time. 3. She is. 4. Probably she will visit your city very soon. 5. She will, it is thought, go to California in the spring.

Comet King, Cairo.—1. He is considered one of the best in the business. 2 Somewhere in the west. 3 About $25 a week. 4. Your chances for getting a situation here would be very poor.

Inquirer, Roxbury, Mass.—1. Fanny is the daughter of E. L. Davenport, and has appeared at the places you mention. 2 William Warren was born in Philadelphia in 1812, and made his first appearance on the stage in that city Oct. 27, 1832.

S. B., Cincinnati.—1. Three aces beat 17, but are beaten by three deuces. 2. A wins, for a man betting on a sure thing does not lose the wager, unless fraud has been used to induce the making of the bet.

H. G. S., Galena.—B's low goes out before A's high, Jack. The fact of A giving two points for the pitch necessitated his making these two points before B made the one required to put him out.

D. V. M., Springfield, Ohio.—1. W. W. Newcomb is at present in this city. 2. "Who is the champion?" is a disputed question. 3. He was married to one of the Clipetop Sisters.

M. C. McD., St. Paul, Minnesota.—1. No; McCoole beat Davis Sept. 19th, 1866. 2. Elliott defeated Davis May 10th, 1867. They never fought before.

Hanibe, Peoria.—1. If A got no shot he was entitled to a return of the money he paid for the privilege of taking one or more shots. 2. B does not lose.

A Lady Reader, Baltimore.—Do not send them any money; it is a bogus concern, and they will swindle you if the opportunity is offered them.

A. W. P., Chicago.—1. It is decided by the aggregate number of votes cast for the district electors. The average question don't come in. 2. Grant's majority in Illinois was 51,150.

Pesado, San Francisco.—G. L. Fox opened what is now known as the Broadway Theatre on April 21st, 1862, as the Olympic.

M. B. S., Johnstown.—Certainly. Several tragedians besides Edwin Forrest have played "Jack Cade," during the past ten years.

Goodspeed, Boston.—1. We do not know whether he is married or not. 2. Hi. Rumsey was, in his day, considered the best of the three you mention.

F. M. D., Lynchburg.—You will find their address among our theatrical advertisements. Send them a letter, and you may obtain the information.

Charlie, Philadelphia.—The time of Sundown in the race at Troy is incorrectly reported in the paper referred to. It was 1.43¼ and not 1.43¾.

S. T., Kaskaka, Ill.—A's low puts him out first, for although B makes high, game (the two points he bid for the privilege of the pitch), they do not score before A's low.

A. C., Cuba, Ill.—We are not in that line, and can give you no information on the subject. The British Consul may be able to assist you.

F. P., Rawlings Springs.—You cannot expect your challenge to receive attention, or money staked by others, when you have neglected to put up yourself.

C. W. B., Washington, Ind.—1. When Jack is turned up, it is scored immediately; consequently it goes out first. 2 R. wins, as New York gave 10,000 majority.

Adolphus, Syracuse.—1. Write to Mr. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city. 2. He is in Europe. 3. Charley is considered by some to be a first-class performer.

C. H. J., Baltimore.—1. You will find the lady's whereabouts noticed in our dramatic summary. 2. She retires from the stage for domestic reasons.

Equestrian, Philadelphia.—If you mean which city possesses the largest amount of tonnage entered, Liverpool exceeds New York.

Duke, Hoboken.—Apply to Miles Johnson, Yardville, near Bordenton, N. J. He ranks high as a dog breaker and trainer.

Bryan Sparks, Williamsburgh.—The penalty for a misdeal is the loss of the deal. B is consequently wrong.

W. M., New Orleans.—The lady was considered a fair leading stock actress, but was a failure as a star.

Domino, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—In a tie at the block game of dominoes there is no count.

T. W. M., Rochester.—Your proper course would be to apply in person at some of the establishments here.

W. S., Havre de Grace.—Send to Am. News Co., 122 Nassau street.

John Joseph, Indianola.—The Broadway Savings Bank, No. 4 Park Place. You can remit a postoffice order.

C. D. L.—1. She is 21 years of age, and not married. Take our advice, and do not write to her.

C. R. F., Boston.—Who do you mean? There are several in the profession by that name.

Constant Reader.—From $15 to $30 a week. It is not necessary to understand the reading of music.

Hugh, St. Louis.—We already have a "regular" in your city, who furnishes us with all news items.

Ordix.—Ada Harland is still under engagement to the Lydia Thompson troupe, although not playing with them at present.

Government Clerk, Washington.—E. H. Brink is with J. C. Myers' company, supporting Edwin Forrest.

A. M. S., Binghamton.—Jack is the highest in cutting for deal.

Shaker.—We suppose it will reach the proper one if directed to the society at New Lebanon.

R. B. H., Glen Falls.—They should be reported to the department at Washington.

D. A., Camden.—A statement will shortly be published, when the party alluded to will have an opportunity to defend himself.

George and Thomas.—The Jack is the highest card in cutting for deal at euchre, and the player who cuts Jack wins.

O. N. S., Boston.—1. See article in another column. 2. The Mutuals are the nominal champions.

Swapsitts, Pittsburgh.—1. Mansion House, on the Heights. 2 Not much difference. 3. John Brougham is 54.

Sherman, St. Augustin, Fla.—The party holding high, Jack, wins, because game cannot be scored until after Jack.

X. Y. Z., Port Huron.—The advertisement will cost 90 cents for each insertion.

J. D. G., St. Louis.—B having ordered A up, the latter cannot go alone.

G. A. R., Meadville.—The Showman's Guide will be issued in about three weeks.

C. H. McC., Detroit.—Your letters reach us early Monday morning of each week.

J. K.—Haven't been able to obtain the information you require, but will do so in season for our next issue, if possible.

E. H. W., Brookline, Mass.—The third player cannot go blind; only the one next the dealer has that privilege.

J. T. L., Chelsea, Mass.—C must either play the heart or trump; it is optional with him to do either.

J. M. R., Louisville.—We do not admit advertisements into our reading columns.

La Salle.—Such a work has never been published, and if there was one it would be of no use to you.

D. and H.—We prefer to wait until our next issue before giving an opinion on the question submitted.

Little Nell, Washington.—Lotta slips behind the scenes and appears in the allegorical scene.

Jack Wild, East St. Louis.—The "Modern Hoyle" says that "the highest card deals, and ace is highest."

Base Ball.—1. A notice of Maggie's marriage appeared in our last. 2. See base ball article in this issue.

Fountain City, Fond du Lac.—It is said to have more population than any other city in the world.

B. P., Chicago.—There is no work published here on the training of bull dogs

Isabel.—They are not lost, Isabel, but are waiting their turn to be read and decided upon.

R. C. L., Chicago.—As C made the trump, our opinion is that A cannot go alone.

National Match Factory.—Not having access to the books of other papers, we are unable to give you the figures.

Jack, Memphis.—You must make the calculation for yourself; we have not the time.

Halfway House.—Three sixes and one tray count twelve at cribbage. Six for pair-royal and six for fifteens.

J. G. V., Titusville, Pa.—Gallagher was defeated by Bill Davis in forty-five rounds, 1 hour 37 minutes, Oct. 5, 1867.

R. H., Indianapolis, Ind.—Only once, with George Leese.

B. E xeter, N. H.—Yes.

Daniel Darby.—Please send your address to this office.

R. O. P., St. Paul, Minnesota.—See answer to M. C. McD.

Justice.—The three aces beat the flush of three hearts.

Peoria.—See answer to M. C. D.

Jink.—Your lines appear.

J. W. R., Massillon.—The Jack counts.

H. J. H., Albany.—He died in New York, Feb. 10, 1860.

J. A. L., Boston.—The lady is in California.

Lips, Orange.—The Stadt is the largest.

Prof. O., Guatamala.—Received; all correct. Thank you.

I. B. C.—We have no reliable record of such time.

Curiosity, Peoria, Ill.—See answer to M. C. D.

Brooklyn.—We are in the nineteenth century.

J. L. E., Bay City.—Items would be acceptable.

W. H. G., Troy.—The deal goes in rotation.

P. H. S., St. Joe, Mo.—Remit $5.

A. W. H., Chicago.—See answer to Fountain City.

BEECHER TO BUNCOMBE.

We have already, in our columns, called attention to the evident fact that there exists a settled intention on the part of the dissenting clergy of this country to preach a crusade against theatrical amusements. We, at the time, moreover remarked that, although parsons of small note have been thrown forward as skirmishers of the aggressive army, the great ecclesiastical guns were certain to make their appearance in the field. That our prognostications were not unfounded is strikingly apparent, inasmuch as, on Thursday evening, the 11th inst., the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher condescended to lecture a large auditory at the Cooper Institute avowedly upon the subject of rational amusements, but in reality to join, in a meek and serpentine manner it must be confessed, the ecclesiastical train of crusaders. Unlike his predecessors of minor note, Mr. Beecher abstained from a direct assault upon the morality of the stage and its professors; nevertheless, in his covert insinuations and indirect allusions can be detected the latent animus influencing his soul. That there is good policy upon the part of this evangelical celebrity in avoidance of a direct issue, none can doubt, for the clerical robe of the Plymouth pastor is too deeply stained by daubs of successful worldliness for him to maintain upon all occasions the alleged sanctity of his professional avocation.

After a very long, prosy, and by no means novel preliminary dissertation, which, coming from the mouth of any other human being save the Brooklyn apostle, would have been denounced as the flattest of sophmorical dish water, the revolving luminary of congregationalism unmasked his hidden battery. "He did not wish to attack the theatre in moral respects." And for a very good reason; Satan could not very well rebuke Sin, and Mr. Beecher was well aware that, for the purpose of increasing his worldly gain, he has perpetrated more than one act which, according to the strict interpretation of the common law of his own profession, for canonical law the so called congregational church has none, would be repugnant to the dignity, the honor and the sanctity of his calling.

"Now," continued the over-the-river Solomon, "assuming the theatre not to be very bad and the profession respectable, he would inquire whether it served any purpose of amusement or pleasurable instruction?" In this one sentence was contained the whole poison of the serpent, and every other word uttered upon the occasion is actually and absolutely surplusage, and Mr. Beecher was well aware that, when he gave vent to that unchristianlike, uncharitable and unfounded insinuation, he had accomplished his entire purpose; for, his hearers comprehended that in immorality, as antagonistic to clerical discipline, it is impossible to have comparative degrees.

"Assuming." There is an immensity of meaning in that word, as it carries with it a general denial of the premises, and Mr. Beecher, from the nature of his profession, should be too much of a logician not to understand the correct meaning of a term employed in an argumentative harangue. But even this hesitating assumption is unequivocally qualified, for our censor says "assuming the theatre not to be very bad," or in other words that the theatre is bad, and for the sake of argument I will assume a comparative condition of iniquity. Bad, in ordinary language, is a clumsy word to use upon any occasion, as it is one of the best cloaks for equivocation known to our tongue. Yet this monosyllable in clerical cant is one of the most opprobrious epithets which the prayer mongers can apply to men and things, and as such Mr. Beecher intended it to be received by all of those individuals among his audience who call themselves, in church going slang, professors of religion. Again, this pious gentleman, acting as a showman, for as such a traveling lecturer, hawking his presumptuously intellectual wares from town to town, for a stated compensation, can only be so regarded, dare not injure his business by giving to a mixed audience pure and unadulterated English.

Now the only logical interpretation of Mr. Beecher's roundabout phraseology sanctions the following terse sentence:—"The theatre, according to my notions of morality, of which I am an acknowledged authority and expounder, is very bad, and the profession of the stage not a respectable one."

This expression of sentiment is nothing more nor less than a reiteration of the time honored Puritanical cant, borrowed from the days of Charles the Second, when moralists had good reason to denounce the stage and its professors. But at the same time moral people had equal reason to denounce the court, the aristocracy and the clergy. Yet, because Charles maintained a household of mistresses, and titled ladies loaned themselves as harlots, did the people of England clamor to abolish kings and aristocracy? No; they had common sense enough to sever the transgressions of the individual from the dignity of his position, and, through revolution, transferred honor to those capable of sustaining its immaculacy. The same thing occurred with regard to the theatre, the tone of which must be naturally tempered by the condition of society in the midst of which it exists; the licentious plays, pleasing to the courtiers and courtesans of the royal Charles, were discarded, and the strumpets of the stage expelled to make room for a race of ladies such as the Countesses of Peterborough, of Essex and other dames, entitled, through the usages of civilized society, to look down upon meaner heads, even upon that of Henry Ward Beecher.

The great Plymouth pastor, having spoken as a parson, feels ashamed of himself as a man, and consequently looked around for something he could mould into an explanatory argument. "The theatres," he says, "are too enormously expensive." And so is the preaching of Henry Ward Beecher, compared with the pecuniary compensation bestowed upon the apostles and primitive churchmen. We find no fault with the recompense dealt to gospel-mongers; on the contrary, we should encourage it, as prodigality—even extravagance—should, by true economists, be as an evidence of refinement and civilization, yet all must object to the recipients of over pay entering upon the imbecile habit of throwing stones.

But now comes the trump card, which takes the argumentative trick:—"It was urged by Christian men that if the matter were taken in hand, and good dramas encouraged and bad ones frowned upon, the theatres might be redeemed. He, for one, would have no amusement that must first go into quarantine."

If any unbeliever in the intellectual ability of the much bepuffed and bepraised Henry Ward Beecher required proof positive of the utter illogical and bigoted turn of his mind, we would offer him no stronger evidence than the above declaration. "Christian men," as a matter of course, in clerical slang, means not individuals professing the doctrines of Christianity, but simply those who pay pew rent, and pew rent, too, in and of meeting houses of particular denominations, Plymouth Church especially. And even these rent payers, a tithe of a thousandth part of our population, have more charity than the Star paper apostle, and have so far rebelled against ecclesiastical despotism as to entertain a belief in a possibility. They think that if the stage "be taken in hand," in other words, placed beneath clerical censureship, and certain conditions imposed upon it, "the theatre might be redeemed." Undoubtedly, but we should request to know the precise period of its loss, for, like everything else, there should be a basis for redemption. But Mr. Beecher disposes of his rebellious co-religionists with a characteristic bit of snobbery:—"He, for one, would have no amusement which must first go into quarantine," and then he informs the world at large that, "on the whole, he considers the theatre a failure."

We have alluded to Mr. Beecher's ex communication of the stage simply to show the shallowness of pretence upon which men of his calibre attempt to dictate to the unfortunate nonthinkers, who bow, in stupid obedience, to moral mandates having no basis in ecclesiastical or other fact. The stage has many enemies, and always had, but it is due to common sense that something like a show of reason be advanced before people are stigmatized as not of a respectable profession, and their means of livelihood circumscribed upon the mere dictum of a solitary individual, however influential he may be, and however domineering his decrees over the throng he sovereignly governs.

PERJURY MADE EASY.

It might prove astonishing to persons unacquainted with the loose manner in which oaths are administered by those commissioners and notaries to whom the privilege of verifying affidavits and legal documents is committed as a means of money making, to learn the facility with which fraudulent documents are, from time to time, sanctioned by the signatures and seals of these officials. Yet this abuse of authority appears as naught compared with the immense number of apparently reputable individuals, who, for a trivial recompense, can be induced to appear before commissioners and notaries, and there, deliberately and knowingly, make false oath as to the truth of affidavits and other documents to be used for legal purposes.

It appears from the evidence taken in the various criminal trials recently instituted by the government against illicit whiskey distillers, that the highest price paid the subscribers of affidavits, subsequently shown to be malicious and wholly false fabrications, was the paltry sum of fifteen dollars. Upon these affidavits, regarde l as reliable and genuine, through knowledge of the integrity and standing of the attesting officials, vexatious and expensive proceedings were instituted against Collector Bailey, before accredited an honorable and upright official, who, to vindicate his character, has been compelled to bring to light a system of paid perjury, which we are assured runs through almost every department in which documents, verified by oath, can be legally employed.

That a total disregard for the sanctity of an oath, unless assumed in the witness box and in an open court of justice, pervades all classes of the community, is as incontestable as it is degrading to our keener sense of morality. And this social calamity can be, in a measure, attributed to the facilities afforded the commission of perjury, both in extra judicial matters and in law proceedings of an *ex parte* character. Nevertheless, a careful examination into all the facts connected with this moral degradation will, we are confident, demonstrate its true origin to be in the oft repeated and unwise legislation which unnecessarily requires verification, through solemn obligations, of the meanest acts of a professional existence. Few among us contemplate the true nature of an oath; many more simply regard its assumption as a mere matter of form; while among business men, importers particularly, an oath, as applicable to the exigencies of commerce, is looked upon as an idle, meaningless compliance with governmental requirements.

Perjury, although nominally a penal offence, is a strictly moral crime, inasmuch, unless its commission be under circumstances the most barefaced and corrupt, it is next to an impossibility to secure the testimony required by the law to insure the conviction of a presumptive perjurer, be the enormity of the false swearing ever so great. The statute exacts, to sanction judgment upon felonious perjury, that two witnesses must controvert the fact alleged in the evidence of the offender, and the production of two witnesses to the most ordinary act of a man's daily life will, upon testing the question, prove a matter of difficulty, and, as to acts of an extraordinary nature, it may be considered next to a miracle. Let a man reflect seriously upon this stringent requirement of the law; let him rehearse the thousand and one cases which an ordinary fancy can conjure up, wherein he rests wholly at the mercy of a perjurer, and he will arrive at the same conclusion with us, that, as the law now stands, in nine instances out of ten, wherein his personal rights, or those of his property are in jeopardy through false swearing, the penal punishment awarded by the statute would not have the least terror for a perjuror, were that the sole penalty attached to the violation of an oath, truly and honorably to testify.

An oath, administered in a court of justice, is attended with circumstances peculiar to its assumption, and a compulsory moral solemnity easily obviated upon other occasions, which renders the giving of false testimony a matter of difficulty, and yet in how many cases submitted to the jury do we not find an immense mass of conflicting testimony, which, should the evidence be given as positive, necessarily implies that one party or the other has falsified himself. A witness in court, if he be not trained for the business, or a consummate hypocrite, is naturally awed through novelty of his position; he stands face to face with a judge, a jury, and a mass of auditors, who watch his every action and draw conclusions as to the sincerity of his declarations from the style and manner of their delivery; he is confronted by a skilful lawyer, who, after subjecting him to a searching cross examination, analyses his evidence and exerts his ingenuity to pervert its literal meaning or to controvert its tendencies, and finally the testimony, in this public manner given, is submitted, as to the matter of its credibility, to an investigation at the hands of twelve disinterested jurors, who by their verdict decide in an implied manner whether, in their opinion, the witness has spoken the truth or not. Consequently, in view of all these surroundings, it is rare to find a man hardened enough to commit perjury upon the witness stand; and this forbearance from false testimony arises from no fear of penal punishment, but from a settled belief either that its fallacy will be detected or that the verdict of the jury will render it of no account.

How different is the case with habitual affidavit fabricators, or with those swearing to documents ready made or prepared for signature by counsel controlling their action. All the author of an affidavit is required to do is to enter the office of a commissioner or notary, and there, upon payment of a small fee, without the presence of another person, to obtain his attestation that the document has been verified upon oath, legally administered, and thereupon such a paper, in *ex parte* proceedings, carries equal validity with testimony delivered by word of mouth. And, as a cloak for misrepresentation, the affidavit maker is generally allowed a privilege denied the same individual on the witness stand, that of testifying upon information and belief, which opens the door to every species of falsification, inasmuch as any man can inform another anything desirable to be believed, and to believe is no criminal offence. Can we wonder, then, that through this lax method of testifying advantage is daily taken of a system which, morally speaking, can be regarded as perjury made easy.

Perjury, as we have said before, is a moral, and not physical crime, as the punishment of bearing false testimony is punishable not in this world, but in that to come. The very questions propounded by a well instructed judge to test the eligibility of a witness, exemplify the theological character of the act. No atheist can be sworn to testify in any law suit, inasmuch as he does so in the name of his Creator. "Take not God's holy name in vain" is the terse scriptural prohibition of perjury. The proffered witness must believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, and particularly in the punishment of those guilty of false swearing. An oath, sanctified by an appeal to the name of the Almighty, is therefore to be looked upon rather as a sacrament of the Church in its theological bearings than as a mere requirement of legislative action; and yet how many of the myriad of daily oath takers ever reflect upon these serious considerations?

The fact is that oath taking has been required, through action of the law and the customs of trade, to become a component of such insignificant transactions of life that the sanctity of the obligation has almost vanished. Do we not commit blasphemy when we most unnecessarily attach God's holy name to a statement of fact, the veracity of which can be attested by a simple declaration? Why should a lawyer's boy, serving a document, of whose contents he may be in ignorance, be compelled to declare as to its delivery upon oath? Why should an importer be required to verify an invoice by a solemn obligation? Why should a bank cashier be legally forced to verify his weekly statement by the same process? In a word, of what earthly use are the thousand and one extra judicial oaths, daily exacted from mere traders and business men, in order to carry on commercial transactions, when a mere declaration, with a definite penalty attached in the event of its falsity, should answer the purpose? And now we wonder, having thus familiarized people with blasphemy, at the universal prevalence of perjury.

Gone.—Alexander Dumas has had to leave Paris to escape his creditors, we are told by a correspondent. At last accounts he was at Havre, and had issued the following manifesto on the dead walls: "Men of Havre! the author of Monte Christo is among you. Come and see him!" And there he sells his autograph for a trifle, to raise funds. A queer fish is old Dumas.

A Hit.—The printers strike, the masons strike, the cigar makers strike—in fact, everybody seems to be on the strike, and nothing is ever done to 'em, says our Jim, but if the pewgilists attempt to get on a strike, clubs is trumps directly, and the M. P.'s get 'em locked up. Is that square, now?

There Was a Row in the House, at Washington, one day last week, wherein the two Bens—Wade and Butler—took a hand in. First, *Ben he fits* then the other *Ben he fit;* but it does not appear that the country derived any *benefit* from the contention.

An English Tourist named Burns, romantically inclined, is said to have married a Tyrolese peasant girl, living among those mountains. It would be no stretching of the truth to style the ceremony "Burns' Highland Mary."

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Among the notable institutions of the present day are those peculiar organizations styled Young Men's Christian Associations, which are composed of young men who desire to be posted up in scripture, and things thereunto appertaining, who are supposed to aid in furthering missionary efforts and good enterprises generally. They are to be found in every city of any note, and note-oriously true is it that in some of them may be found some very queer fish. Now let not our pious friends take the alarm. We are not going to say any hing against these organizations. We harp not on anything that may be objectionable in connection with them. We are not disposed to come down on them; we would sooner up-hold them. If our opinion had any weight with the religious young men of our day, we would *enjoin* it upon them to *join* some one of these *bodies* of youths, where *souls* are exercised in labors for the good of their *species*, which is a *species* of work that comparatively few are engaged in. Yet, while it is true that some of these associations are eminently useful in their way, it is none the less true that they are oftentimes composed in part of very queer material—of persons who, whatever talents they may possess in other directions, were never cut out for theologians. The *reason* is because their *reasoning* powers are deficient; they *jump* to conclusions, without any *leg*-itimate process of argumentation, and often leave a question more be-*fog*-ged and *myst*-erious than when they began to discuss it. Conclusions are sometimes reached that are startling, and you are puzzled to divine how in the world they could have ever arrived at them. Some such material as that of which we have been speaking must have got into one of these associations that we know of. Our friend "Wheelbank," who once studied for the ministry, and who is, withal, a close critic, received an invitation to visit an association meeting, one evening, and as he had the privilege of taking a friend with him he took us along. The evening's entertainment was to consist of a debate, in which, as a compliment, we were invited to take part. The question of the evening (not exactly a religious one) was "Whether it was necessary for the cause of education to have whipping in the public schools." During the progress of the debate, as they had to bring in scripture somehow, Brother Walsh asserted that "He could defend whipping on scriptural grounds, for did not the good book say, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child?' And again, in the 25th chapter of Deuteronomy, whipping was approved." On his taking his seat our sublime Brother Wheelbank *rose*, and, in his *flower-y stile*, *styled* the brother's argument a chimera. Said he, "The rod is merely a *figure* of speech, and *figures* extensively in scripture as representing discipline of any kind, and the passage in Deuteronomy only speaks of the punishment of grown people who had offended against the laws of God governing the *Jews*. It was a *ju*-dicial proceeding that was there spoken of, and in speaking of that punishment the passage said, 'Forty stripes he may give him, and not *exceed*, and it is *exceed*-ingly hard for me to understand how flogging school children can be defended by the scripture quoted. Beside, in some of the schools the *corrections* are not *correctly applied*, even if the passage *applied* to the *subject*, for some of the *subjects* of such discipline receive so many more stripes than *forty* (40) that their *forti*-tude is severely taxed to *stand* it, and their *sti*-nation is grievous indeed. One boy that I know of had so many *stripes* given him that his flesh was *striped* all over like that of a *striped* zebra, by reason of the marks which the *stripes* had left on his *body*, and a *body* cannot help feeling indignant about it. But I am glad to know that I am not the only one that *feels as I do* concerning the way the *poor scholar feels* after such barbarous punishment. Men of intelligence are moving in the *matter*, and it *matters* not how much the work of reform may be opposed, it will be successful. Able *writers* are endeavoring to *right* the sufferers from this monstrous *wrong*. Men who can wield a masterly *pen*, men of pen-straining minds are giving their energies to this *work; works* are being written on the subject, and the iniquitous system will yet be rooted out through the influence of the mighty pen which we all know is mightier than the sword. Yes, this mighty influence is being used in be-*half* of the *whole*-some reforms which we advocate. It is *beginning* to be felt, and the *end* in view will soon be gained." Wheelbank ended, his heart full of enthusiasm and his face full of perspiration, and took his seat, while the members appeared overwhelmed with astonishment at his eloquence. But their murmurs of surprise had not yet subsided, when Brother Bowen arose and thus spread himself: "I have been waiting a *good bit* for the gentleman to get done; he has said a *good bit*, but I don't see as how he has proved anything. I think it does boys a *good bit of* good to lick them once in a while; some of them won't learn without it, and the gentl-man is a *good bit* mistaken if he thinks he can stop the whipping in the schools, even if they are using pens, as he says, to stop it. And I think it is a *good bit of* nonsense to talk of the pen being greater than the sword. I want to know if we could have licked the rebels with pens, and, besides, the *pen* is not so great, after all—you could do it with a *lead pencil*." Having concluded this magnificent spiurge, Brother Bowen took his seat, with a self-satisfied air, while on Wheelbank's face there was a look of blank amazement. Rev. Vance now took the floor, and thus addressed the chair:—"I agree with my literary brother in his opinion of the practice of whipping children in the schools. Unruly children could be reported to their parents and corrected by them. Allowing others, except their natural protectors, to do it, puts me too much in mind of slavery, and anything that is like slavery is wrong, because we all know that slavery is a great sin." After this conclusive speech Brother Vance sat down, when Brother Ogburn sprang to his feet and took exceptions to the remarks of Brother Vance concerning slavery "It is only his opinion that slavery is a sin," said he, and after almost entirely taking up with a lot of rigmarole the time allot-ted to him for speaking, he managed to drag in and make a most ridiculous use of a passage of Scripture which is held by Christian ministers everywhere to be a prophecy, in which the conversion of Heathen nations to Christianity is foretold, and this is the way he did it:—"The brother," said he, "is too positive in his assertion. I have scrip ure to prove that slavery is not a sin." "Show it up," said Brother Vance. "I will," said the o her, seizing a Bible and opening it with a flourish. "Here it is—part of the 8th verse of 24 Psalm:—'I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance.'" This was too much. On hearing a sublime passage of scripture thus outrageously perverted, the disgusted Wheelbank jumped up and broke from the room, and we followed him instanter. Wheelbank says that he esteems the *members*, and re-*members* gratefully their kindness and courtesy to him, but he must say that if there are no better reasoners among them than he heard on that evening, they had better turn their association into a Sunday school as soon as it can be done.

A NEW FIELD FOR THE DRAMATISTS.

The fraternity of dramatists and dramatic adapters have been so long at their wits' ends for ideas, it is singular that they have not thought about reproducing, in a manner suitable to the requirements of the present day, the works of some of the cluster of brilliant wits who flourished during the Elizabethian era, when literature of that description was greatly cultivated, having royalty to set the example. Those who profess some little familiarity with the plays of England's greatest bard (the few, that is to say, which adorn the modern stage) fan themselves with the idea that in going to see them they are to listen to the glowing language of Shakespeare undefiled, and would doubtless be surprised were they informed of the liberties which were taken with them by one Colley Cibber, who tagged ridiculous nursery rhymes to the principal speeches, and needed but to have carried the suggestion a little further to have metamorphosed them into burlesques. The tragedy of "Richard the Third," which Cibber very nearly converted into a melodrama, is replete with these peculiarities:—

"I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
And my first step shall be on Henry's head."

"Let's lack no discipline, brook no delay—
My soul's in arms and eager for the fray."

And so in Macbeth:—

"Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day."

And in Hamlet:—

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

And in Macbeth:—

"Blow winds! come whack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

We suppose Cibber called this *improving* the text. We should call it, more plainly, doggerel. There can be no question, however, that the adaptations were successful, inasmuch as they have held possession of the stage uninterruptedly, while other plays of Shakespeare, of the same high order of merit, with many popular productions of his day, have remained in obscurity. Dullness was not an especial characteristic of those times, and in Dodsley's collection of old English plays are numerous examples sparkling with wit, which might serve as the groundwork for still further adaptations. Other old plays have been handed down to us through other sources. The names of Beaumont and Fletcher, who wrote in a sort of literary partnership; of Ben. Jonson, author of the "Masque of Comus;" of Ford and Massinger, of Rowe and Marlowe, of Otway, and a long

grievously infect our metropolitan districts:—Lot of old boards and shingles, hooked from somebody's barn in the vicinity, $0.00; 20 pounds nails, assorted sizes, pocketed in the shop of a friendly carpenter, $0.00; one old stove and pipe, $1; fishing tackle, $0.50; one old door, found lying round loose' $0.00; shovel, do., $0.00; 1 rat trap (to catch rats and mice for Irish stews—made by self), $0.00; 1 old saucepan, coffee pot, tin plate, $0.75; 1 bag coffee from the wharves (free of duty), $0.00; potatoes and other vegetable produce, out of adjacent gardens, $0.00; fowl and eggs (from friendly henroosts), $0.00; five gallons old rye whiskey (presented by a friend who did it to get rid of him, being in the way), $0.00; two suits old clo', $5; 1 gross clay pipes (hooked 'em), $0.00; tobacco (present of a friend), $0.00; matches (pugged on the sly), $0.00. For delicacies, two or three hours of laborious application was sufficient to provide a handsome supply of lizards, bugs and worms from under stones and decayed tree trunks, and now and then a skunk or a gopher would fall in his way, which he used as a side dish. He fattened upon this diet, and is so healthy that he passes most of his time in sleeping. Grand total of expense, seven dollars, twenty-five cents. This sum he found by accident in the street, so it will be seen that this little attempt at "dwelling alone with nature" cost him nothing, while Mr. Hotham acknowledges that the least he could get along upon for one winter was fifty dollars, exclusive of clothing and equipments. The "hermit dodge" is one that may figure very well in romances, but abstractedly considered, we should not suppose it would pay.

ON VOTING.

Whether our female population are to be allowed to become ballot girls—whether we are to have a darkey b'lot on our escutcheon—whether even we are to give red-dress to the aborigines and there is to be a red vote among the Indians to the extent of the suffrage—does not concern us more particularly than it does the rest of our fellow beings. We vote, like good men and true—all of us except "Jim;" and he will also when his extreme youth wears off. Consequently, we are a little careless about our brother mortals. Voting is undoubtedly an unalloyed blessing and an inestimable privilege. A man who is a voter can reflect with pride that, from the highly colored tickets which lie scattered about the polls, he may exercise his own discretion by using one headed by the undaunted rooster of the Democracy, or its rival, with the Republican spread eagle glaring fiercely upon him from the top. But when it comes to the question whether fairs, blacks, and reds are to be equally blessed and privileged with ourselves, we'd rather leave the long and dry arguments to others more competent, and also more inclined that way.

But as suffrage is an excellent institution, we are benevolent enough to wish that all our friends could enjoy it. We wish, too, that they were all competent to its proper exercise (like all of *us*, except the aforesaid "Jim"). But this is more than we can reasonably expect, for we are well aware that many of our citizens now wielding the ballot are far from being afflicted with over-intelligence. Were we going by acuteness, "Our Jim" should forthwith become a citizen. But we have our general laws—and extraordinary cases like that of our boy must yield to fixed rules.

Having said about as much as we ought to on a subject so foreign to us, we will in conclusion "point a moral" by adorning the latter portion of our article with a tale. We must premise that it is not only new, but true—both qualities being something of rarities now-a-days. It occurred down in Georgia, and the hero was none of your carpet-bagger interlopers, but a genuine unadulterated native, innocent of that harmless accomplishment, the alphabet. Bill H. was his name, and early in the morning of their November election he started to the polls. On the way he met a friend and neighbor coming from them, and the latter handed him a receipt for making some *pills*, that had been effecting wonderful cures of late in the vicinity, and at the same time favored him with a Seymour ticket. Mr. H. took both, and kept on to the polls. Being a good-natured, sociable fellow, with plenty of "hail-fellow" friends, he had to do sundry "liquoring" before he voted. Finally he performed the latter important business, and then remained about the polls electioneering, till late in the afternoon, when he started for home.

Now, his wife had been ailing for several days, and so, like a good husband, the first thing he did was to feel for the receipt he had obtained, which he handed to his better half, remarking, "There, Polly, there's the pill receipt Jim Sanford gave me for you." She looked at the paper and burst out laughing as she replied:—"Why, Bill, you darned fool, its a *Seymour and Blair ticket!*" Bill glanced at it in consternation. Then his eyes wandered to the clock. It wanted twenty minutes of six, at which hour the polls would close. The next instant he bolted out of the house like a madman, and tore up the road towards the voting precinct. It was almost a mile away, but he kept on with nearly unabated pace till he arrived panting at his goal just as the polls were closing. "Hold on, my boys," he gasped, "I want ter vote." The judges looked at him with severe eyes. "Why, Bill," said one, "it's penitentiary to vote twice, and you've already voted the clean Democratic ticket." "Democratic h—ll!" shouted Mr. H., "It's a durned lie. *I voted Bill Sanford's pill receipt*, that's what I did!" Fact.

PUGILISM RAMPANT.—Millions of matches to box are made in New York annually, and the number of strikes and blows are incalculable. Boxing matches is a good business.

ROUGH ON RUTH.—The Bible tells us that Ruth treated her sweetheart shabbily, inasmuch as she first "pulled his ears," and afterwards "trod upon his corn."

A "BULLY MAN" is not so-called owing to his superior pugilistic attainments, but rather to his kind and charitable nature

FIGHTING MEN, because they say what they mean, are derisively called *blow-ers*.

THE CORINTHIAN LODGE, No. 488, F. and A. M., will hold their annual ball at the Apollo Rooms on the 24th inst. We thank them for an invitation to be present.

THE GEORGE W. CREGIER Association are to give their first annual ball at National Assembly Rooms, Forty-fourth street, on Monday evening, Feb. 22d.

A MISQUERADE AND CIVIC BALL is to be given by the "S. H Hurd Association," on the 19th inst., at Irving Hall. It promises to be a very enjoyable gathering.

A DISREPUTABLE CHARACTER, who it would do well to avoid in a lonesome place, calls the ladies who take up so much room in the cars the *unfair* sex.

"OUR JIM" says another man (?), told him that he knows a butcher's wife, up town, who throws sheep's eyes at every man who passes by.

Sporting Squibs.

— The New York State Agricultural Fair for 1869 is to be held at Elmira.

— A pie a piece was given to the inmates of the Maine State Prison on the 31st ult., by H. C. Dorsey.

— 120 velocipede patents have been applied for in this country, and 100 caveats are on file besides.

— Keogh, the kindness-to-cattle man, lectured in the Assembly Chamber, in Albany, on the 9th inst.

— The Atlantic Fishing Company of Nantucket, R. I., lost much money last year. Fishing is evidently a fiscal failure.

— A swop of wives, one man giving three bushels of corn to boot, took place at Dubois, Ind., recently, it is said. Dubious.

— Velocipede races on the ice have taken place in Paris this winter, and a high rate of speed has been attained.

— The yacht Henrietta arrived at Havana, Cuba, on the 11th inst., with Gen. Van Allen and friends on board.

— The tallest chimney in the world is in Glasgow, Scotland, and is 454 feet high. Smoke?

— English sparrows have increased so much in New Haven, Ct., that it is hoped that the inch worm will disappear.

— Thirty deer have been killed this season at Campton, N. H. by C. S. Swain. Deer Swain, truly.

— "First cousins not to marry" is a subject of legislative discussion in Kentucky.

— A large gray wolf was seen near Cambridge, Ill., recently, but not caught.

— They must have an abundance of meat in Montreal, for we see it stated that a horse was recently sold there for 75 cents "Cheap meat's" good enough for boarders.

— The white fish and lake trout of Lake Superior are reported as attaining considerable avoirdupois this season, some having been caught of 25lbs weight.

— Yantic river, Norwich, Ct., was filled with dead ducks on the 6th inst., it is reported, and nobody knows what killed 'em.

— The first printing press in New Hampshire was set up at Portsmouth by Samuel Fowle, of Boston, in 1795, who then started the *N. H. Gazette*.

— A fastidious lass recently asked a music seller for "Hood's song of a gentleman's under garment," which gave the salesman a fit of hood winking.

— A "painter," weighing about two hundred pounds, and measuring eight feet two inches, was shot last week near Lewistown, Me. He'll no longer wag his brush, will he?

— A rabid canine was slaughtered at Paterson, N. J., on the 10th inst., his corpus having been pierced with 36 bullets. That's what might be called a K IX bulletin.

— For breeding fish, and to prohibit their being caught and used on certain days in each week, the Massachusetts legislature are solicited to pass a law.

— Twenty foxes have been slain by two hunters this winter on the range of hills separating Holyoke and West Springfield, Mass., and Henry Pepper, of the latter place, can show the brushes of eleven of them.

— Some Indianapolis velocipedists have arranged a trip to Richmond, Ind., to dine at Greenfield, stop at Knightstown over night, dine next day at Cambridge, and return to Richmond on the second day at 6 P. M.

— A nondescript fish, werry like a whale, from which nine barrels of blubber valued at $175 were taken, was caught at Dennis, Mass., recently, by P. A. Hall. This is striking oil to some purpose.

— A locomotive for common roads made a successful trip of five miles near Havre recently, through a hilly country, with a vehicle attached laden with passengers. Good. Away with R. R. monopolies.

— A wild cat, 3 ft. 8 in , from tip to tip, was killed at Wheeling, Minn., recently. They appear to be numerous in that region. Here, in Gotham, infelicitous feline femininses are numerous also.

— A chess, checquer and dominoe club is in process of organization under the auspices of the Young Men's Literary Association, of Morrisania, at their rooms in Arcade Building. Let "rational amusements" flourish.

BASE BALL.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

The extreme mildness of the past few days has given quite an impetus to out-door sports. Base ball, in particular, is as far advanced at the present time as it usually is in April or May. The leading clubs of the country, with a few exceptions, have made up their nines for the season, and one or two clubs have arranged for extended excursions.

THE "REVOLVING SYSTEM"

The changes since last season in the composition of the nines of the principal organizations have been very great. The system of "revolving," so much in vogue during the past few seasons, is in full blast at the present time, and the bargaining of players from one club to another is being carried on in a shameless and open manner. This cannot but tend to the detriment of our noble game, unless it is frowned down by all who have the permanency and good will of base ball at heart. There is but one way to do this, and that is for all first-class clubs to refuse membership to players who are known as professional "revolvers." The CLIPPER has always advocated everything in connection with our National Game which we thought would benefit it. At the same time we have denounced anything and everything which we thought would be detrimental to the sport. In regard to those players who leave clubs after having made promises and accepted compensation for future services, we intend to pursue a course which will have the effect to break up the pernicious system. In all well authenticated cases of this kind it is our intention to give the name of the offender and the full particulars of his shameless conduct. This we shall do in every case where the evidence is plain. In this matter we ask the co-operation of every organization in the country, to the end that we may be better prepared to cope with the monstrous system which is working so much evil.

NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

Very naturally, all eyes are turned upon the half a dozen leading clubs of the country. What they are going to do, and who are going to compose their nines, are the subjects of absorbing interest just now. The Mutuals, as the nominal champion club, are attracting the most attention in this vicinity, while the Cincinnatis in the west and the Athletics in the east, stand next in the order of interest. Of last year's nine the Mutuals will only retain three or four. Wolters, Swandell, Mills and perhaps Hanley, are spoken of as sure to be in the new nine. The new accessions are Mills, of the Atlantics, to catch for Wolters; Eggler, of the Eckfords, and Hatfield, of the Cincinnatis, for the field. Pabor, of the Unions, is talked of as a fielder, and as Charley is one of the best out-fielders in the country, as well as a first-class pitcher and batter, it is probable, therefore, that he will be secured. Dick Hunt, who was prevented by severe sickness from taking part in many games last season, will be in the nine this season, we are assured. If Pabor is secured, Hatfield will play on the in-field, where he is as much at home as anywhere else. Now that George Wright is not available, that old and at one time unapproachable short-stop, Tommy Devyr, will probably be in the nine.

The Atlantics have had their nine made out some time; with the exception of pitcher and catcher it will remain the same as last year. Zettlein and Mills retire, their places being filled by Tom Pratt and Frank Norton. The rest of the last year's nine will be the same as last year, with the exception, perhaps, that Crane and Ferguson may change places. Charley Smith, who in his day, was the crack third baseman of this country, will play that position this season altogether. As Charley tells us he is going into practice as soon as the weather will permit, we may expect to witness some old time fielding and batting from this great baseman. The Atlantics have changed their playing ground, and will this season occupy the Capitoline Grounds, Bedford—a field, by the way, where they gained all their renown. A trip to New Orleans is in contemplation for next month by these ex-champions; in fact, we believe it has been definitely settled upon, but of this we know nothing officially.

As already announced in these columns, the Union club has resolved upon giving up the professional business, having found it too expensive. They will have a first-class amateur nine, however, and, no doubt, will show a good record at the close of the season. Of their last season's nine, Shelley and Birdsall have gone to Washington, John Goldie and Pabor are on the "fence;" Smith, we understand, intends to retire from active participation in a game in which he has been so successful, and upon which he has reflected so much credit. The Active club, having lost the services of Charley Walker, will be also a bit of so much of their strength that it is doubtful if they will put forth a nine this season. We hope we are wrong in this impression, for the Actives have always ed en honorable part in their relations toward other clubs. In their time they have achieved many brilliant victories, and in the history of the national game, if it is ever written up, they will occupy a bright page.

Of the Eckfords we hear very little. There is some talk of their getting Zettlein as a change pitcher for Martin. The loss of Eggler is rather severe upon the club, but a brother of the crack fielder promises well, it is said. Most of last year's nine will be retained, probably, and an endeavor made to equal, if not excel, their victories of the past. We have heard nothing of the numerous amateur clubs in New York and vicinity, such as the Empires, Eagles, Knickerbockers, Orientals, Excelsiors, Eurekas, Irvingtons, Gothams, Mohawks, Harlem and many others. We presume, however, they will all have the same nines—or nearly the same—as they played last season.

PHILADELPHIA CLUBS.

Outside of the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, the same activity prevails in baseball circles. From every section of our country the din of preparation is borne on every wind. The Athletics, of Philadelphia, who made such a name for themselves by their brilliant record of last year, are the centre of attraction outside of the metropolis. With the exception of two or three, their nine will remain the same as last season. Muller, of the Olympics, is talked of as the successor of Radcliffe, but it is not a sure thing certain who will face Dick McBride's pitching, if Radcliffe does "flow the course." Foran and Berger will be replaced by players whose strength will be more in keeping with that of their fellows. Harrop, of the Olympics, and Rorke, of the Maryland Club, both pitchers, and both good general players, are talked of as successors to the players mentioned. These changes, it is believed, will be beneficial to the Athletics, and will give increased confidence to the many ardent friends and supporters of that club. A new club room is in contemplation on South Eighth street, over Wood's new store. The Keystones, under the Presidency of Mr. Theodore Bomeisler, intend to try and regain their old prestige. The club has been badly handled for the past few seasons, and it needs just such a man as Mr. Bomeisler to bring it up to the first class standard it occupied years ago. We have not heard much in regard to next season's nine, but presume such first class players as Flowers, Gwynn, Reach, Culp, Bechtel, McClarnin and Ewell will be retained. The Olympics are making extensive preparations for a successful season, but we hear nothing said in regard to the composition of their nine. The Geary Club, it is rumored, has ceased to exist. Of the numerous second rate clubs in the city of Brotherly Love very little is known, as not so much interest is taken in their affairs as in those of other organizations.

OTHER OUT OF TOWN CLUBS.

The only western club that appears to be fully alive to the importance of the approaching season is the Cincinnati Club. As they come under the head of clubs who have an eye on the championship, their actions are watched more closely and commented on more freely than those of other organizations. According to their own showing their nine is already picked out and was given in last week's CLIPPER by our Cincinnati correspondent. They will be pretty near the same as last year. They have slipped up on Hatfield, however, who has joined the Mutuals, as stated above. By some means the Cincinnatis have succeeded in alienating Radcliffe from the Athletics, but it is very doubtful whether he will remain long with the "Red Stockings." A more advantageous offer may carry him still further west or bring him back to the east again. The many rumors afloat in regard to the Buckeyes and their intentions this year renders it difficult for us to say with certainty what they are going to do. We hear from one quarter that, like the Unions, of Morrisania, they have become disgusted with professionals and intend to return to the amateur status. From other sources we learn that the club intend to strengthen their nine, and to give the "Red Stockings" a liveller brush than they did last season. Time only will tell the truth or falsity of these rumors.

We hear nothing positive from the Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Rockford, Louisville and other western and southwestern clubs. In the south the game is now at its height, and we are in receipt of scores of games that are played in New Orleans and other cities every week. In Washington and Baltimore there is considerable going on in base ball circles. The National club, which took no little part last season in our noble game, is getting together a nine that will, it is said, eclipse even the famous nine of 1866-7. Birdsall and Shelly are the accessions, and with Frank Norton, Forker, Berthrong, Studley, Robinson, and others well known to fame, will make a very strong team. The Olympics, Unions and other Washington clubs will also be on the qui vive, and intend to keep pace with their neighbors if possible. The Maryland club of Baltimore, by their defeat of the Nationals last season, became the champions of the south, which honor they still hold. There was some underhand transactions in regard to the last game of the match, however, which we commented on at the time, and until this stigma is removed, the honors of the championship will be rather empty. The Enterprise, Pastime and other Baltimore clubs will probably be in the field with first class nines, of which we shall have more to say hereafter.

In speaking of first class clubs we must not forget the famous "Haymakers," of Lansingburgh. Though last, they are by no means least. They have just elected their officers for 1868, and intend to do even better, if possible, than last season. Their nine will remain the same as last season, with the exception of McAtee and Davis. The former will play first base, and the latter retires. Bonker will play short stop, a position he filled with credit on a number of occasions last season. The "Haymakers" want a first class swift pitcher, and are after Zettlein, late of the Atlantics. If they get "The Charmer," they will have a remarkably strong nine, and one hard to beat.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The unsatisfactory termination of the championship contest of last season, left the question in such a muddled state that it was difficult to tell which club was really entitled to the honors. The Mutuals became champions by defeating the Atlantics, but their claim was only a nominal one, as the club they defeated had previously suffered defeat in two games at the hands of the Athletics. On this account, and also because the Mutuals and Athletics did not engage in a new series for the title, we resolved to hold the Gold Ball which we had had manufactured for the champion club in our possession till this season. We did this in the hope that the Athletics and Mutuals would be able to come to some satisfactory understanding in regard to its possession. Our plan was that the two clubs should come together early this season, and play a series of games for the Gold Ball and the championship. This would give color to the commencement of the season of 1869, and as a financial speculation would prove highly remunerative to both clubs. Thousands would flock to the scene of contest from all parts of the country, and the interest in the result would exceed any previous meetings in the annals of the game. This is the only solution to the championship muddle that we can recommend, and the only one that will satisfy all parties.

Since the above article was written and put in type, several important rumors have reached us, which we wish to add as a sort of addenda. George Wright, as stated by our Cincinnati correspondent, has concluded to remain in Porkopolis, and will short-stop for the "Red Stockings." Ferguson will catch and Pike play centre-field for the Atlantics. Leonard, who left the Buckeys to join the Cincinnatis, returned to Irvington last week on a visit. He reports that Radcliffe left Porkopolis before him, on a visit to his mother in Philadelphia. The latest from the Mutuals is that they are after Martin, their old pitcher, as a change off for Wolters. If they get him, he will play in the field, and Hatfield will play second-base. The Irvingtons will have a first class nine, which will comprise all of last year's favorites, with the addition of Sweezy and Stockman. Pabor, late of the Unions, is now in Cincinnati, and may go in the "Red Stocking" nine, in Hatfield's place.

CLUB ELECTIONS.—The Fairmount Club of Marlboro, Mass., have elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, F. C. Whitney; Vice President, Geo. S. Russell; Secretary, Chas. W. Newhall; Treasurer, Frank W. Sawin; Directors, H. W. Brigham, H. A. Hudson, C. M. Felton. The Woronoco Club, of Westfield, Mass., the champion juniors of Western Massachusetts, at their annual election, made the following selection:—President, Chas. M. Hatheway; Vice President, M. H. Murdock; Recording Secretary, F. Gillette; Corresponding Secretary, D. Williams; Directors, Allen, Williams and Gladwin; Treasurer, H. T. Snow. Fowler, late of the Yale College Club, has joined the Woronocos, and will play in his old position at second base. Allen, late of the Monitor Club, will occupy the position of pitcher.

The Union Club of Lansingburgh have reorganized for the ensuing year, and elected the following officers:—Hon. James Mesaung year, and elected the following officers:—Hon. James Mesaung, President; John H. Campbell, Vice-President; John W. Keon, President; John H. Campbell, Vice-President; John W. Scofield, Corresponing Secretary; James H. Spotten, Treasurer.

AL REACH, the well-known second base player, has just located himself at No. 6 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, and is already in the field with a fine assortment of base balls, bats, and everything requisite in the game, together with sporting goods of every variety.

THE BAT AND BALL DOWN SOUTH.

The ball tossing season may be said to be now fully inaugurated in the Creole State, and, from this early commencement, promise is given of a lengthy and vigorously conducted campaign. We subjoin the scores of two games played between the Pelicans and Washingtons, on the 31st ult. and 7th inst., respectively:—

PELICAN.	H. L.	R.
Ford, p	3	4
Henderson, c	3	3
Murths, 1st b	0	5
Rubler, 2d b	3	3
Short, 3d b	0	5
Dietrich, s s	2	4
Mahen, l f	3	3
Hutchings, c f	1	5
Young, r f	0	6
Total	38	

WASHINGTON.	H. L.	R.
Poley, 1st b	3	9
Jones, c	2	1
Burecarat, s s	1	0
LeRoff, p	2	0
LaRose, 3d b	1	1
Pilieu, r f	1	1
Vedrenne, l f	2	0
Luckey, c f	0	1
Lockerby, 2d b	1	1
Total	5	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Washington	1	2	0	0	2—9
Pelican	1	6	8	11	12—38

Umpire—Mr. Fardy, of Hope B. B. C. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

PELICAN.	H. L.	R.
Ford, p	1	5
Henderson, c	3	2
Mahew, 1st b	2	6
Blanchard, c f	3	4
Hutchings, 2d b	3	3
Brown, l f	3	1
Lock, s s	3	5
Young, r f	2	4
Murth, 3d b	3	3
Total	30	

WASHINGTON.	H. L.	R.
LaRoff, p	4	1
Wilcox, c	3	2
Poley, 1st b	2	2
Vedrenne, 2d b	3	1
Burkhardt, 3d b	2	2
Letten, l f	2	1
Redmeadeane, s s	1	0
Jones, c f	4	0
Noi, r f	2	0
Total		9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Pelican	2	5	2	2	8	1	3	4	3	—33
Washington	2	2	8	1	0	3	0	0	0	—9

Umpire—H. McVey, of Lone Star Club Scorers—Pelican, Wm. A. Dietrich; Washington, E. Chassaignac, jr. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-one minutes.

CINCINNATI BALL GOSSIP.—George Wright arrived in Cincinnati last week, and may be considered a Porkite for the future. Hatfield left the Cincinnati Club and joined the Mutuals, after having entered into a written contract to play with the former. The Union and Buckeye grounds are to be thrown open on the first of March for play. A number of velocipedes will be kept upon each ground. So writes our correspondent.

SKATING.

THE SPORT IN TOWN AND OUT OF TOWN.

Jack Frost has finally succumbed to the combined attacks of Jupiter Pluvius and Old Sol; and for the present the ice carnival is at an end. The last skating ice in this vicinity was enjoyed on the evening of the 9th inst., at the Brooklyn Rink. The rain which set in on that day lasted till the 11th, and rendered the ice consid rably. The warm sun of the following two days completed the work, and on the 14th not a vestige of ice remained on the lower point in the park, while the Fifth Avenue Pond was similarly situated. The rinks are also barren of ice and the prospects of the skaters look rather dubious just now.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

The contest between E. T. Goodrich and Frank Swift for the diamond and gold medal, and the skating championship of America, which had been arranged for the evening of the 9th inst., at the Brooklyn Rink, did not take place. The weather, which is such an important element in indoor as well as outdoor sports, held good up to the day of the meeting. A rain storm, which set in on the morning of the 9th, rendered postponement necessary, however, much to the disappointment of the principals and their friends. This fact was not generally known, and as several hundred ladies and gentlemen visited the rink, an exhibition was given for their gratification. Goodrich and Swift, who were both present, appeared in their specialties, and after their performances were over the ice was open to the large number of skaters present, and for an hour or two the scene was very animated. Among the many experts present we noticed the Brady Brothers, Dollard, Dixon, Nickerson, Wood and Parker, of the Brooklyn Club. The New York Club was not so largely represented as it would have been if the weather had held good. The Rogers was there, however, and so was Al. Howard, the velocipede skater, and Jimmy Demorest, the comic chap *Apropos* of Jimmy, an amusing incident occurred during the evening, of which he was the hero. Demorest's abilities as a comic skater coming to the ears of Mr. M. Chichester, superintendent of the rink, that gentleman procured an old suit of clothes for our hero, and proposed that he should go on the ice as a drunken man. To carry out the joke, it was determined to let no one in the secret, not even the policemen who had been detailed to preserve order on that particular evening. Accordingly, Jimmy rigged himself in a private room, got out in the winter garden, and was let into the rink by a back door. Swift had just left the ice, the music had ceased, when a little stir at the lower end of the rink and several voices in angry dispute attracted attention to that direction. Presently a loaferish looking, half tipsy sort of chap tumbled on the ice, and commenced to gyrate in the most comical manner. The spectators laughed at the an ics of the stranger, while others cried "Put him out!" Superintendent Chichester, who was conveniently at hand, after listening to the intruder's abuse for some time, went for him, and after several ineffectual attempts to lay hands on him, which were provocative of much merriment, Chichester called on the police officers to remove him. The metropolitans advanced on the chap with an air which seemed to convey the idea that they had an easy job on hand. Demorest had, in the meantime, been "wobbling" round, part of the time in the water and again trying to preserve his balance, his movements all the time being of the most amusing character. As the over-vigilant guardians of the peace advanced with drawn clubs, Demorest dodged them very successfully, much to their chagrin. Finally, the farce having been played out, Jimmy left the ice, and, much to the surprise of the spectators and greatly to the disgust of the officers, slipped his coat and hat off and proceeded to the gentlemen's room. As he passed through the crowd and the people began to realize the fact that they had been sold, Demorest was greeted with applause. Later in the evening, when he made his appearance on the platform, our hero received many compliments for the creditable manner in which he had played his part.

It has not been definitely settled when or where the postponed trial of skill will take place. Boston is talked of, and as they have a rink there it is probable that the match will be pulled off in that city.

OUT OF TOWN GOSSIP.

The mild weather has extended all over the country, and with the exception of a few rinks in the extreme west, the sport is at a stand still. In Boston, at the commencement of last week, the rink was open, Lafayette being the attraction. Philadelphia was even worse off than the "Hub," the numerous rinks and ponds being closed all the week. At the West Side rink, Chicago, a tournament was to have commenced on the 15th, lasting one week. The Cleveland rink is open for roller skating and velocipede riding. Mlle Carrie Eugene, Misses Lida Bertram and Fanny Lamate, and Mr. W. H. Wentworth are the stars. A tournament of "Knights in Armor" is announced at the Rochester rink on the 16th. The Victoria Skating Club, of Montreal, gave a children's fancy dress entertainment at their rink on the 12th.

THE SEATORIAL ART IN PARIS.

By the appended communication it will be seen that the residents of the gay capital of La Belle France have not been altogether neglected by the Ice King, but that he has at last afforded them the opportunity of gratifying their inclinations for sports upon the frozen surface of the skating ponds. Parm Johnson appears to have carried off the honors during the festivities, his performances upon the blades quite captivating the fair spectators and eliciting the warmest commendations of the masculine frog dissecters'—

PARIS, Jan. 29th, 1869.

FRIEND CLIPPER.—As the people in America are having a fine time now that the skating season is at its height, as I have noticed by your papers, I will write a little about the skating in Paris, which we have been enjoying for the past few days. For the credit of America, the New York skaters stake the palm away from all others. The weather has moderated now and the ice is no longer safe, so that, from present appearances, there will be no more skating here this winter. For the past four days the celebrated skater, Parm Johnson, of Brooklyn, has been delighting the people and nobility of Paris by his magnificent skating, and the French papers speak of him as being the greatest and most accomplished skater that ever was here. On the 25th inst. Johnson was introduced to the Empress by Mr. Moulton, of New York, who is herself a very fine skater, and after displaying his skill before her, she complimented him very highly. On the 27th Mr. Johnson gave another fine exhibition of his powers before the Emperor, Empress, Prince Imperial and Prince Murat-Achille, who, by the way, have skated every day, and astonished all that saw him by the great number and variety of his movements, and the ease and grace with which he executed them. Amongst the lady skaters I may mention as the best Mrs. Moulton, of New York, and Miss Curtiss, of Boston, and amongst the gentlemen, Mr. Wetmore, a New York Club skater, Mr. Walker and Mr. Silver, of Staten Island. Believe me yours very truly, J. H. CRAIG.

A DECIDED SELL.

The Skating public of Buffalo and Rochester were the victims of a "sell" of the largest dimensions and most thorough description during the week ending Feb. 6th—a hoax of so laughable a character, however, that they could not allow their angry passions to rise against the perpetrators. It turns out that "Miss Godbout, the lady from New Brunswick," instead of being one of the "weaker vessels" was none other than the accomplished western skatist, Callie Curtis, who is now a candidate for the championship. At the termination of the ladies' contest at the Buffalo Rink on the night of the 6th the manager removed the veil and wig from Callie, to the astonishment of the on-lookers, the majority of whom heartily enjoyed the joke, though some, with no humor in their souls, seemed dispos d to find fault. To silence these grumblers and set himself right before the public, Manager Hervey published the following card in the local journals of the 8th:—

The impossibility of getting two first class lady skaters to compete in a public match for your amusement, induced me to have one of our best male professionals Callie Curtis, assume the "Star of the West," to assume the role of a lady for the nonce, and it was my intention to have divulged the secret on Thursday evening, but during the contest that evening the idea suggested itself to me that I could afford you a second evening's amusement, and in the interim have the same skaters display their skill in our Rochester Rink. This being accomplished I lost no time in revealing to you the "Star of the West," sans veil, sans wig, apologizing to you for the temporary deception, conceived and carried out to amuse you. Some who were in the secret predicted that the revelation of it would be met with disapproval and this morning counseled me either to postpone the match indefinitely or to allow Miss Godbout to preserve her incognito; my conclusion to disappoint you by failing to perform what I had advertised was an insurmountable objection to the first course, and my determination to reveal the secret, both in justice to you and to add fresh zest to the entertainment, precluded the adoption of the second."

Curtis perpetrated a like sell upon the good people of Pittsburgh and vicinity last season.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.—On the 5th of January, 1791, several young pupils from the Ecole Militaire were skating on the deep moat that ran along by the Fort of Auxonne. As it struck five one of the party proceeded to take off his skates. "Don't go—one more round!" cried his companions. "No, no; I have had enough of it; besides, I am hungry, and want my dinner." After the departure of their comrade the rest continued to skate, when suddenly the ice broke, and one and all fell into the water and perished. The young man who so miraculously escaped by going off a few minutes before was none other than Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF OHIO.—On the 11th a public challenge to W. H. Roberts, champion skater of Ohio, was issued by Frank Page, of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Roberts the next day published the following reply:

XENIA, February 11, 1869.

FRANK PAGE, ESQ., COLUMBUS.—I most respectfully decline to contest with you for the championship of Ohio. My business will not admit of my giving any time to contests or exhibitions in future. Therefore resign the title to you.

W. H. ROBERTS.

THE UNION SKATING POND, of Cincinnati, under the control of the Cincinnati Base Ball Club, sold over thirteen hundred season tickets, at prices varying from two to twelve dollars. In view of the fact that there was less than two weeks of skating in that porky region, this was doing wonderfully well. The Buckeye grounds were thrown open to single admissions, and sold but few season tickets. Consequently the shortness of the season was greatly to their disadvantage.

RINKS.—This word, of Scottish origin, is here wrongfully applied to artificial ponds devoted to skating. The word proper it signifies that portion of a sheet of ice on which the Scotch game of curling is played, viz.:—the two circles or tees, and the intervening course over which the stones travel. It has no possible connection with the amusement of skating, and is never applied to the ice itself, or the enclosure in which the pond may be situated. If there are many players, half a dozen "rinks" may be in operation at once, on the same pond.

CALLIE CURTIS was recently arrested upon a charge of seduction, preferred by a chambermaid at one of the Rochester, N. Y. hotels, but upon examination he proved the falsity of the charge and was acquitted.

THE PROPRIETORS of the Detroit Skating Rink, having become disheartened by the protracted spell of warm weather, have leased their establishment for the purpose of being turned into a velocipede riding school.

THE RING.

TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF O'BALDWIN.

The case of Edward O'Baldwin, the "Irish Giant," charged with engaging in a prize fight with Joe Wormald, at Lynnfield, Mass., on the 29th of October last, came up for trial in the Superior Court, at Salem, on the 8th inst., before Chief Justice Brigham. District Attorney Sherman, of Lawrence, appeared for the Government, and William D. Northend, Esq., and A. A. Abbott, Esq., for the prisoner. Mr. Northend made a motion to quash the indictment, on the ground that the indictment did not allege that the appointment and agreement for the fight was made in the State of Massachusetts and within the period of six years, as prescribed by statute. The argument was supported by Mr. Abbott. The Judge, however, ruled that it did not matter when and where the agreement for the fight was made, so long as the fight took place within the jurisdiction of the State. The point was reserved and the trial proceeded. The prisoner was somewhat neatly dressed, and watched the case intently.

The first witnesses called were Police Officers Waite, Cryan and Oliver, of the Lynn Police Force, who deposed to being on duty at West Lynn between twelve and three o'clock on the morning of the 29th of October. They heard and saw a number of carriages drive past in the direction of Lynnfield. They afterward went with other officers, under City Marshal Shepherd, to Lynnfield, where they concealed themselves in a barn. There they saw a crowd of 300 or 400 gather round a ring about fifty or sixty yards from the hotel. The crowd cheered and halloed, and appeared deeply intent on what was going on. Inside the ring O'Baldwin and Wormald were fighting. They were stripped to the waist and were in fighting costume. At a signal the officers advanced upon the crowd at the "double quick." A man on a hack appeared to give the alarm by crying "geese," and the crowd commenced running. The witnesses described the arrest of the principals. After he was locked up in the Lynn Police Station, O'Baldwin said he thought he could have fixed his man in a round or two. Wormald also made a similar remark.

Other witnesses, including Allen G. Shepherd, the City Marshal of Lynn, testified to the same effect. When the taking of the evidence had been concluded, Mr. Abbott contended that the jury must acquit the prisoner, inasmuch as the indictment charged him with engaging in a fight with Wormald, in pursuance of a previous agreement made between them. In the first place, there was no evidence before the Court that the prisoner had any fight at Lynnfield with Joseph Wormald. In all cases the witnesses had spoken of the other prisoner as "Wormald" or as "Joe," which might mean Josiah or Joseph. There was no proof that he had fought with the identical Joseph Wormald meant in the indictment. In the second place, there was no proof whatever that he fought with Wormald in pursuance of any previous agreement. If any agreement was made by backers or outsiders, that was not, he contended, sufficient to legally convict the prisoner. He, therefore, submitted that he ought, in point of law, to be acquitted.

The District Attorney, in reply, said that the very fact that the prisoner and Wormald commenced a prize fight in Massachusetts was held in law a sufficient proof that such fight was in pursuance of a previous arrangement he ween them. A case of this kind has been decided in the Supreme Court, where some parties came from Rhode Island, and commenced a prize fight in this State. Even if the previous arrangements were made by other parties, the law would hold the principals responsible for them. The previous arrangements between them, however, were proved, he contended, by the negotiations which had been entered into with regard to previous fights.

Chief Justice Brigham, in charging the jury, said that the previous arrangement for the fight must be proved. If, however, the jury were satisfied that the previous arrangement was made by other parties who acted as the representatives of the principals, that would be as binding as if the arrangements were personally made by the principals themselves. Mr. Abbott submitted two exceptions, the substance of which was that a previous arrangement, made by parties other than the principals, did not bind the prisoner, and that, as the witnesses had only spoken of a "Joe Wormald," that did not prove that he had ever fought with Joseph Wormald. The jury retired to consider their verdict, and the court then adjourned. Shortly after 6 o'clock the jury, after a deliberation of about an hour and a half, returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoner.

JOE WORMALD'S MOVEMENTS.

As mentioned in our issue of last week, Joe Wormald, who lately cut stick from the Hub of the Universe, leaving the confiding officials of that locality severally in the lurch, is now safely quartered in the New Dominion, where he will doubtless remain for the present. The subjoined letters relative to his movements since crossing the border will be perused with interest by our readers:—

MONTREAL, C. E., Feb. 12th, '69.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR:—Joe

THE MIRROR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Maiden, gazing at the mirror,
Tell me what it is you see
In its glassy sheen reflected;
What the face, if fair it be,
That doth take your own face looking;
Tell me whether dark and fair,
If the cheek and lips be crimson,
What the color of the hair.

Ah, I know thy wavy tresses
Glisten like the sun's pure gold;
Fairer face than thine, sweet maiden,
Never did my sight behold;
Never saw I lips more crimson,
Never cheeks of rosier hue;
Never under ivory eyelids
Eyes of softer, sweeter blue.

And the throat of marble whiteness,
Perfect in its matchless round;
Small and rosy, even faultless;
Never yet was sea-shell found
Daintier than thine ear, sweet maiden,
Peeping from thy hair's rich glow;
Or thy stainless forehead, never
Purer yet was Alpine snow.

Then, thy bosom; ah, I may not
Speak of things I do not know;
Bloom there sweetest pinks of summer,
Smiling on the vales below!
Ah, the warm, the whispered question,
Spoken low thou canst not hear—
So, 'tis well, 'twas not intended,
Maiden, for thy modest ear.

In my heart there is a mirror
Wherein you may view your face,
Every line and every feature
In its shining surface trace;
Turn your gaze within, fair maiden
It is love's own mirror, this—
In it, likewise, see reflected
All that is of earthly bliss.

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT.

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the previous night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern of these indications. Whether he was conscious of any personal danger, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his room, washed his hands and face with great care, brushed his long black hair, and quietly passed into the main street again. If there was any one person more than another who had a reason to be distrustful of the moral atmosphere of Poker Flat, that person was John Oakhurst. Yet a calm smile played upon his face as he slowly strolled down the street. He had lived there for four months—an unprecedented length of time for any man who followed his profession. He had even been known to interfere with success in certain instances, where his fellow-gamblers had been identified with the business. He had maintained his place there purely through the strength of his character. Rude as were the men and the camp, they held some vague notions of honor. Certain unwritten laws governing the relations of the sexes, which obtained among them, he respected in his own conduct, and even enforced upon others. He had, perhaps, the best nerves, the coolest head, and the most skillful hand in Poker Flat. Combining these qualities with a fair education and indifferent birth, it is no wonder that Mr. Oakhurst was looked upon with some suspicion by his fellow-citizens.

As he continued his way he met the two men who had been conversing together. One was a tall, bearded man known as "Uncle Billy," a miserable sot, who had been the terror of the camp before the appearance of Mr. Oakhurst upon the scene. The other was a young man named Tom Simson, who had come to the camp with a reputation for courage that was largely due to his inexperience. Mr. Oakhurst had, on one occasion, playfully relieved Simson of his winnings, and had since then treated him with open favor.

"Has anything happened?" asked Mr. Oakhurst of Simson.

"Nothing in particular," replied Simson, with a laugh. "Nothing, only we're going to hang Uncle Billy."

"Hang Uncle Billy!"

"Yes, and we're going to begin with you. That's what we're after."

"May I ask what you've been doing?"

"Well, you see, Uncle Billy's been accustomed to shooting a little too much in camp. He's been threatening to clean out the town, and we've concluded to do it first. We've concluded to hang him, and you too."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and we'll begin with you. Uncle Billy, you see, is a purty old man, and has a good many friends, and we're afraid he'll be rescued. You're a stranger, and we're not afraid of you. Now, you'd better go back to your room, and stay there till we're ready."

"Thank you," said Mr. Oakhurst, quietly.

"Don't mention it," said Simson, with a reassuring smile. "Sorry we've got nothing better for you."

Mr. Oakhurst walked back to his room with a certain dignified deliberation. He was not surprised at what had occurred, for he knew that the popular antipathy was easily directed against any man who was successful at cards. He had expected something of the kind for some days. He was a gambler, and he had won money from these men. He had no personal fear, but he had a vague regret at the situation. He was apparently the victim of circumstances over which he had no control. He had never cheated at cards, and he had always played his own luck. He had neither family nor friends, and he had no money. He had only his life to lose, and that was lost whenever he chose to throw his hand down.

Mr. Oakhurst's room was on the second floor of the principal hotel. It was a long room, with windows in front and rear. He had hardly entered it when he heard a tramping of horses, and looking out of the front window, he saw a body of armed men, some on foot and some on horseback, filing into the street. He was not surprised to see among them many of his late friends, the gamblers. He was prepared for the worst. He had no doubt that he should be hanged, and he had no doubt that he should be hanged by the neck until he was dead. He had known this to be the fate of others, and he had seen no reason why he should escape. He had even made some slight preparation for the event. He had written a letter to his mother, which he had begun and destroyed. He had also prepared a lock of his hair, which he had placed in a small gold locket. This he had in his pocket when the door of his room was burst open by the committee.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Oakhurst, with a grave bow, "what is it?"

The men, who had evidently been selected for their discretion, remained standing in the doorway. Then a tall man, whom Mr. Oakhurst knew as Colonel Starbottle, a Southerner, stepped forward, and said:

"Mr. Oakhurst, we've called to inform you that a change of programme has been arranged for you. Instead of hanging you, we've concluded to give you a chance for your life. We've concluded to leave you to your own devices, provided you will agree to leave camp at once, and forever. We've concluded to do this because we don't wish to be accessory to the killing of a man who has hitherto borne a reputation as honorable as the average citizen of Poker Flat. Will you accept our proposition?"

Mr. Oakhurst's first impulse was to kill the man who had insulted him. His second was to decline the proposition and abide the consequences. But a moment's reflection showed him that he was powerless. He was unarmed, and there were fifty men in the street. He had no alternative but to accept.

"I will leave camp at once, sir," he said, calmly, "and, as you suggest, forever."

"You will also oblige us," said Colonel Starbottle, "by stating that fact to the crowd before you leave."

Mr. Oakhurst turned to the window, and recognized among the crowd many faces that he knew. He paused for a moment, and then said:

"Gentlemen, I am leaving you because you have made that request. I am leaving you because I choose to do so. I will not be dictated to. I will not be driven away. I will not leave camp at your request. I will leave it because I choose to do so, and because I will not be dictated to."

Mr. Oakhurst then turned to the men who were crowding the doorway, and said:

"Gentlemen, you have made a mistake. You have undertaken to drive me away. You have undertaken to do what you dare not do. You have undertaken to do what you cannot do. You have undertaken to do what you cannot do and live. You have undertaken to do what you cannot do and live, when I choose to do so. I will not be dictated to. I will not be driven away. I will not leave camp at your request. I will leave it because I choose to do so, and because I will not be dictated to."

Mr. Oakhurst then turned to the window, and repeated the last sentence. Then he turned to the door, and repeated it. Then he turned to the window, and repeated it

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHEN is wine like a pig's tooth?—When 'tis in a hogs-head.

WHEN does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

WHAT did the spider do when he came out of the ark?—He took a fly, and went home.

WHY is Ireland like a bottle of wine?—Because it has a Cork in it.

WHY is the letter E like the end of time?—Because it the is beginning of eternity.

WHY does the bridegroom always put on the ring at a wedding?—Because bell (e)s cannot ring themselves.

A MATRIMONIAL COX.—Why is the bridegroom worth more than the bride?—Because she is given away, and he is sold.

WHAT is the difference between charity and a tailor?—The first covers a multitude of sins; the second, a multitude of sinners.

BREVITIES.

HE who wishes to rest must work.

SLOTH is the key to let in beggary.

THE APPROPRIATION CLAWS.—A pickpocket's fingers.

MEN, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

EVERY point of thought is the centre of an intellectual world.

WHAT a pity, that common sense, for want of use, should have become uncommon.

LAWS are like grapes, that being too much pressed, yield a hard and unwholesome wine.

Six of one and half a dozen of the other—make exactly twelve.

"WELL, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir, you generally expanded them."

"MY tale is ended," as the tadpole said when he turned into a bullfrog.

LITTLE girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honey-moon.

MOST kinds of roots and bark are now used as medicines, except the cube root and the bark of a dog.

ACCORDING to the latest definition, a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

WERE for love, but not for anger; a cold rain will never bring flowers.

No man is always wrong; a clock that does not go at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

HE who does not give until the request has been made of him, gives too late.

WE are always complaining that our days are few, but acting as though there would be no end to them.

HE who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.

HE submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

INSTEAD of regretting that we are sometimes deceived, we should rather lament that we are ever undeceived.

WHATEVER you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

YOU had better learn to conquer your own will than strive to obtain the mastery of that of others.

IT is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

SUFFER not your spirit to be subdued by misfortune; but, on the contrary, steer right onwards, with a courage greater than your face seems to allow.

CONSIDERATE.—It is said that some mothers have grown so affectionate that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

"WELL, now, Mr. *Tree*, if you're going to *leave*, I shall detain your *trunk*," said an incensed landlord to a guest who was in arrears.

"MY dear," said a cross-grained husband to his long-suffering wife, "do you intend to make a fool of me?"—"No, my love; nature has saved me that trouble."

IT is as wrong to judge of a man's character from that of his acquaintances as it is to judge a woman's from the choice she makes of a husband.

ANGUISH of mind has driven thousands to suicide—anguish of body few. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more importance than the health of the body.

IN general, that man is a coward who shapes his course of action by his fears; and he alone is a man of real courage who dares to do right.

MERRY MOMENTS.

PROPERLY NAMED.—The boy who was born in a horse car, they named Os-Car. The girl who had the same birthplace was christened Car-ry.

A BAD APPETITE.—"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the *trencher*, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

MOONSHINE.—Somebody has given utterance to the following scrap of philosophy, which, if it be not good, is, at least, cool:—"The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and silver in the moon as anybody."

PAT'S CONFESSION.—"Patrick," said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well," replied Pat, "I may as well confess to your riverence for the whole stack, for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it on the first dark night."

AN ELECTRICAL JOKE.—An Illinois paper says that a flash of lightning lately entered a schoolhouse in that State, and tore a pair of boots from a boy's feet and hurled them at the head of the master, to the great delight of the unterrified young "rockers."

GOOD ADVICE.—Good advice is never out of season. He who builds according to every man's advice will have a crooked house. Watering plants with the rinsings of the milk pails makes them grow finely. Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved, waste of health seldom, but waste of time never.

USEFUL ADVICE.—A transcendental preacher took for his text—"Feed my lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him on coming out of the church: "A very good text, sir; but you should take care not to put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs can't reach it."

A DERIVATION.—The common phrase of "giving a person a good hiding" is an old as the foundation of Carthage. Dido paid for as much land as could be bound by the hide of an ox. She cut the hide into thin strips, when it circumscribed the dimensions of a city. The natives, taken in by this bait, acknowledged themselves beaten—hence the phrase in question.

EXPEDITIOUS.—A bricklayer, who was working at the top of a house, happened to fall through the rafters, and not being hurt, he bounced up and cried, with a triumphant tone, to his fellow laborers, "I defy any man to go *through* his *work* as quickly as I did."

A DOUBTFUL EULOGIUM.—An old Aberdeen laird's wife, when other ladies were enriching the tea table with broad descriptions of the vices of their several spouses, said her own "was just a guid, weel-tempered, couthy, quiet, innocent, daidling, drunken body, wi' nae ill practises about him ava."

TOLD HIM SO.—An country girl, coming from the fields, being held by her poetic cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said:—"Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in the town would find it out."

A SLEEPY GUEST.—Malherbe dined one day with the Bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher; dinner was scarce over before the poet fell asleep, but was awakened by the prelate, and asked to go with him to church where he was to preach; he begged to be excused, saying, "He could sleep very well where he was."

FUDDY AGAIN.—Two Irishmen on a certain occasion occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other:—"Dennis, did you hear the thunder?" "No, Pat; did it really thunder?" "Yes, it thundered as if hiven and earth would come together." "Why, in the divil, then, didn't ye wake me? for ye know I can't slape when it thunders."

SHTOP DER MAN.—A young man rushed through the streets of Toledo, Ohio, the other day, followed by a very excited German. The latter was shouting as he ran: "Bolees, bolees, shtop der man; he ish going mit der reever, und der ice under, for to suicide commits." Several citizens joined in the chase, and the fugitive was captured just in time to prevent him from leaping into the half frozen river.

A DESCRIPTIVE ADDRESS.—A letter bearing the following superscription was recently received at the Silver City post office, from Iowa:—

"Augustus Jones, a web foot scrub,
To whom this letter wants to go,
Is chopping cordwood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho."

CURIOUS LAW SUIT.—At a late court a man and his wife brought cross actions, each charging the other with having committed assault and battery. On investigation it appeared that the husband had pushed the door against the wife, and the wife, in turn, pushed the door against her husband. A gentleman of the bar remarked "he could see no impropriety in a man and his wife adoring each other."

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A youth, who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke, had not sufficient courage to "pop the question." On informing his father of the difficulty he labored under, the old gentleman replied passionately:—"Why, you great booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?" "Oh, yes," said the bashful lover, "you married *mother*, but I've got to marry a *strange girl*!"

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—'Hallos, boy, did you see a rabbit cross the road there just now?" "A rabbit!" "Yes, be quick; a rabbit." "Was it a kinder grey varmint?" "Yes, yes." "A longish cretur with a short tail?" "Yes, be quick, or he'll gain his burrow." "Had it long legs behind and big ears?" "Yes, yes." "And sorter jumps when it runs." "Yes." Well, I haint seen no such cretur about here."

LITTLE THINGS.—Little things are of wondrous importance. They are the last links in a long chain of effects, or the first in a long chain of causes, or they are both. They make the sum of human things. They test a man's character every hour in the day, and, as the jutting and curving of the bank regulates a river's flow, so do they, directly or indirectly, determine the entire course of our existence for good or evil, brilliant or obscure.

WOMAN'S FIRMNESS OF OPINION.—A wife, let her assert against her husband what she will, and argue as she will, the husband is not at all in the condition to refute or conquer. For when he thinks to hold her fast by a chain of reasoning, it is very much as when he attempts to draw up to himself a ball of yarn by one of its threads. He will get more and more thread in his hands, but the ball will roll about, and still remain upon the earth.

HAD WE NOT BETTER SHOUT VIVE L' EMPIER IN NEW YORK?—*Charivari* tells a funny story of a man in France who was attacked by four or five robbers, while returning to his home at night. A bright idea flashed upon him, and he began shouting, "*Vive la Republique!*" Instantly the police gathered from all quarters, the robbers dropped their plunder and fled, the shouter was seized, of course, but on making explanations, was allowed to depart. The Empire is peace.

A CAPE COD ROMANCE.

Two lovers stood upon the shore
Of Massachusetts Bay,
Bidding a sad farewell before
Seth tore himself away.

"I'll marry you when I come back,
My Sally Ann," says he;
And then he took a little smack,
And went away to sea.

HAPPINESS AND UNHAPPINESS.—The misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily. In all but the singularly fortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of man's life are easily counted and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little soon forgetten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasant thought and feeling.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

THEO. M. BROWN.—The picture reached us safely, and you have our heartiest thanks therefor.

H. D. SMITH, Jackson, Mich.—Thank you for the games; you may expect a selection in the CLIPPER.

C. N. CRACKER, Buffalo.—Mr. Porter *does* solve his last in 6 moves, but by a process very different from what you imagine. Many of the most beautiful problems extant become mere puerilities if you take a move for their solution in addition to the stipulated number. "The reason so many things are unknown is that they have never been found out," as you'll appreciate when you've solved the little Enigmas in question. Now, Mr. "Nut Cracker," oil up your hinge, polish your main spring, put on the elbow grease, *alias* "mental chemicals," and if you can't crack these, and other Chess Nuts, say so, without any hints about "inexactitude," and we'll gladly help you. Our Enigmas are copied problems; Problems our original contributions.

DR. N. C. REID, Philadelphia.—Thanks for kind remembrance; the address you require is "Miron, Campton Vill., N. H."

WM. H. LYONS.—Dr. R. says:—"Mr. L.'s correction of Prob. 655 is O. K., but it might be further improved by removing the dead wood at White K R 3d. I cannot conceive its use, as it is not needed in the solution, and does not prevent the 2d solution. *Addendum.*—If all the White P's are removed (except that at K R 5) White can mate in 3 moves, with either Q or Kt, at pleasure."

PROBLEM GOURMANDS.—That last pair of Brown's has shut your mouths for a spell or two, eh?

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XI.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

Addenda et Corrigenda.

PROBLEM No. II.

In this I find I have slightly erred, I presume in transcribing my notes. I branched off too soon; this is the flaw:—In Var. (A) White may play 3..Q × Kt, *as well as the move given.* All, then, that is necessary to make my criticism correct, is to read 3..Q × Kt, *instead* of 2..B-Q B 4 +.

NEXT, of importance, "*practical analysis,*" in an early No., should have been *practiced analysis.*

PROBLEM NO. VII.

In reply to 1..R to Q Kt 2d, White has but one move, viz., 2..Q to K Kt 4th.

PROBLEM NO. XIII.

I am sorry to be compelled to state that the note on this problem reads wrong, and is different from what I sent you. It should be—"because White may play either Q × B, *or* Q × P, if Black play 2..K to his 4th.

PROBLEM NO. XV.

I stated that "in the Book of the Cong., '62," there is a Black P at K Kt 6. So far, so good; but I continued:—"Its omission is necessary, as White cannot mate with a P on that sq." This last statement will have to be omitted, as White *can* mate in 4, with the P so situated. But as the position is given in "B. of C., '62," there is another Var., as follows:—If Back 1..P × Kt; 2..Kt to Q B 5, B to K B sq., B to K B 3, R to Q Kt 2, or Kt to K B 4th, and White mates readily in the stipulated number of moves; but in every case, except one, the sub-variations thus arising are defective.

TO BE CONTINUED.

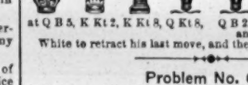
CHESS PROGRESSING.—We have never, since our connection with the game, seen so many proofs of the sound, reliable progress of our intellectual pastime among those it is most calculated to benefit. The Morphy *furore* left a reaction of evil as well as good influences; but it was needed to break the ice—now for healthy progress.

Enigma No. 663.

From American Chess Nuts.

BY S. LOYD.

at his R 2, her 2, Q Kt 3, Q 6, K B 2, K R 3d,



at Q B 5, K Kt 2, K Kt 8, Q Kt 8, Q B 2, Q R sq, Q R 4, K B 2d, and a Black Pawn at K R 3d.

White to retract his last move, and then give mate in one move.

Problem No. 663.

BY CONTRABAND.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 663.

Partie in the B. C. A.'s consultation Tourney; Herr Steinitz and Mr. Blackburne vs the Rev. G. A. McDonnell and Mr. De Vere.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Attack, S. and B.	Defence, Mr. D. and de V.	Attack, S. and B.	Defence, Mr. B. and de V.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	17..Kt × P +	K to his B sq
2..Q Kt-B 3	P-K 3	18..Q-K R 5	Q × Q
3..P-K Kt 3	Q Kt-B 3	19..K Kt × Q	B-Q B 5
4..K B-Kt 2	P-Q R 3	20..Kt-his 3	P-K R 4
5..K Kt-K 2	Q Kt-Q 5	21..P-K R 3	Q B-Q 2
6..B × Kt	P × B	22..P-his Kt 2	P-K R sq
7..Q Kt-Q 5	K Kt-K 2	23..K B-his 3	P-K B 3
8..Q Kt-K 3	P-Q 3	24..Kt × R P	Q R-K 2
9..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-K 3	25..P-K B 5	Q R-K 2
10..P-K B 4	P × P	26..Kt-K B 4	Q R-K 3
11..Kt P × P	K Kt-B 3	27..K B-Kt 2	K Kt-K 1
12..Castles	K B-K 2	28..P-Q 4	B P × P
13..K Kt-his 3	K B-his 3	29..B P × P	K Kt-Q 2
14..Q Kt-Q 5	Q Kt-B 1	30..Kt-K B 4 +	K Kt × Kt
15..Q Kt × B	Q × Q Kt	31..B P × Kt	Kt-Kt 3
16..K Kt-B 5	Q-K R 5	32..Q B-Kt 5, and wins.	

Comical comments concocted and contributed by "Contraband":—

"You have heard of our cousins t'other side of the water? Truly, they are in earnest, the many tournaments and consultations reminding us of chivalry and the middle ages. Messrs. Cecil De Vere and M'Donnell, with their P to Q B 4, fared very badly, were beaten very evenly, and, we must admit, very politely, by Messrs. Steinitz and Blackburne. Now (do you know, venerable sage, this is a large crow and we must pick it.

From the very commencement the first-named party had but one object to defend, but what, we are unable to discover. The Attack, during 8 moves, gained nothing, and the Defence shaped their course gradually to coincide with them. Attack now retreated, Defence lost time by unnecessary small play; again they are attacked, then *they* attack, then the enemy retreats, and so these warriors during the 2d quarter of the game, like children, having built a paltry fortress full of bombast, sally out, throw a few harmless snow balls, and as suddenly retreat again. In the 3d quarter the useless fortifications of P's and Kt's were flanked on both sides, with some loss to both; the Q's, also, ungracefully retiring, leaving the field open for De V. & Co. to make some stupid moves, which left them exposed on all sides. To protect his majesty, as well as threaten the enemy, the B's were gathered around the K, but the only closed the trap. The Attack cautiously drew Kt to K B 4, protecting R P and commanding K 5, the very citadel of the Defence. And now the defending Kt's were undoubtedly dismayed at the position of their army. Yet the enemy had built up no powerful fortification, no terrible battering ram—they had simply placed a *monitor* in line. On carefully looking over the contending armies we find that the Defence allowed some very favorable opportunities to go for nought. At the 15th move, when they allowed K B to be exchanged for Kt, the first redout had fallen; in fact, the attack had aimed at the core and found it not true. Certainly the Defence could not have comprehended the latter part of the Attack's play, and after the ch. at K 6, and being put in chancery by Q B, they resigned—they ought to have done so before. Had the Defence castled with Q K after Attack had their game arranged, the first half of S. & B.'s manœuvres would have gone for nought. The blocking up of both B's and the Q during the 1st quarter, and the establishing of an unbeatable position of P's and Kt at the centre, were so much time and so many opportunities lost. Cecil De Vere is an excellent Kt, but this last game is not at all on a par with his great reputation.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 45.—Vol. XVI.

"OLD FOURTEENTH."

Lately played between Wilton and "Scotty."

Black. Wilton.	White. Scotty.	Black. Wilton.	White. Scotty.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	10..8 to 7	21 to 17
2..8 11	22 17	11..14 21	13 14
3..4 8	17 13	12..16 23	27 11
4..15 18	24 20	13..10 26	30 23
5..11 15	28 24	14..7 16(c)	25 22
6..8 11	26 23	15..16 19	24 15
7..9 14	31 26	16..6 9	13 6
8..11 16(a)	20 11	17..1 26, and wins.	
9..7 16	26 22(b)		

(a) This move disconcerted "Scotty." (b) Which fully appeared by this one. (c) Fine play.

Solution of Position No. 86.—Vol. XVI.

BY C. W. FLOWER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..14 to 10	2 to 9	4..12 to 8	25 to 13
2..10 12	19 10	5..8 24, and wins.	
3..18 23	28 19		

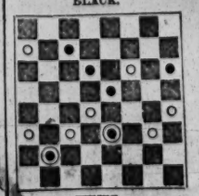
Solution of Position No. 87.—Vol. XVI.

BY W. B. MULLOY.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..9 to 14	10 to 17	4..12 to 16	11 to 20
2..19 15	11 18	5..27 32, and wins.	
3..3 7	2 11		

Position No. 88.—Vol. 16. Position No. 89.—Vol. 16.

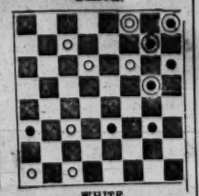
BY EDWARD. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BY J. D. FROST. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE RING.

DRAW FIGHT IN THE WESTERN WILDS

BETWEEN

Mike Burke, an Irishman, and Fred Laguet, a Half-Breed.

THEY BATTLE FOR THE HAND OF A DUSKY MAID.

THE QUESTION REMAINS UNDECIDED.

A deal of excitement was created among the mixed dwellers in the pineries above Chen-Watana, Minn., by an encounter, inaugurated and conducted in every respect, as far as practicable, according to the rules of the P. R., which recently transpired in that woody section. For a long time prior a bitter rivalry had existed between two choppers who worked at a camp on the Totogatick river, a dusky forest maiden, known as the "Queen of Sunrise," whose flashing eye and graceful form had smashed both their hearts, being the cause; and as it has ever been since the days of Troy, and doubtless will continue to be until the dawn of the millenium, the smashing of hearts often leads to the smashing of heads. The combatants were a stalwart son of Erin, rejoicing in the historic name of Burke—front name Michael—and a "broth of a boy" is he, in faith; stands six feet in his moccasins, weighs 180 pounds, of compact build, and with great powers of endurance; has been a "sailor of the sea" for several years, and worked as a chopper in the pineries, in the Canadas and the United States, for five or six years past. His rival and antagonist is a Chippewa half-breed, named Fred. Laguet, six feet two inches high, spare, very muscular, and weighs 195 pounds. They both love this Indian girl, who lives with her mother in a comfortable cabin not far from the camp. Her mother is a genuine Chippewa squaw of the "Old Blets" style of beauty. Her reputed father is a well known lumber operator in the St. Croix valley, and the girl is said to inherit in many respects the comeliness of the Anglo Saxon, while still retaining many of the strong characteristics of the children of the forest. Both of these men were assiduous in their attentions to the family, bestowing favors liberally upon both members of the household, but the stolid mother never evinced by word or sign which of the twain she preferred as a son-in-law; and the no less stolid daughter smiled sweetly on both, but "she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, gnaw" in the hearts of her brawny rival lovers. Each knew of the other's visits to the girl's cabin, and, working in camps adjacent, they often met, and, meeting, never spoke, but scowled grim defiance and passed on, "frowning a terrible frown." One day matters came to a crisis—the ardent and impetuous Burke could no longer brook this terrible suspense. He repaired to the cabin, and with stammering tongue told the story of his passion, and claimed the hand of his dusky *inamorata*. Before he had received any reply to his demand, in stalked his rival, Laguet, with a bundle of provisions for the family. Laguet guessed in an instant the state of affairs—bitter words passed, then blows, and the two men closed in determined and deadly strife. A party of choppers, returning from their labor, happening to pass near, were attracted by the screams of the women, and rushed in and parted the combatants by main force. The whole matter was then and there talked up, and the girl again appealed to for her preference between the parties, but with more than Pagan firmness she refused to make known in any manner upon which party she proposed to lavish the wealth of her virgin affections; but only intimated that the paramount wish of her heart was to know which of her lovers was the braver man. Both men eagerly expressed a burning desire to test that question on the spot, but some of the cooler heads suggested a short delay, in which preparation could be made for a "square fight." After some parleying, this was agreed upon: the time, two weeks from that day; the spot, an open, elevated space near the junction of the Totogatick with the Nimmecoggin. James Coveo was chosen as referee, and E. G. Taylor selected by Burke as his second, while Laguet chose a brawny woodsman known as Dominique Pugh for his attendant. But little training was necessary for these hardy men, except exercises in sparring, conducted by their seconds, occupying five or six hours each day, the balance of the time being spent in their daily toil, felling the giant pines and cutting them into logs of suitable length.

Saturday, January 23d, opened beautifully. The sky was undimmed by a cloud and teeming with brilliant light. All the parties were promptly on hand at the appointed hour, nine o'clock, besides about one hundred spectators from the various camps in the vicinity. The ring was twenty-four feet square, formed of heavy ropes borrowed from the camps, and firmly fastened to stout stakes driven into the ground. Both combatants were dressed in tight buckskin pants and moccasins, closely fastened at the ankles. Above the waist, their bodies were bare. In Mike's corner his friends and backers had placed a bear's head with three eagle feathers, painted green. Fred (the half-breed) had a rude painting, representing a war club and a Sioux scalp. Bets were nearly even, small odds offered on Burke, which were quickly taken. The "Queen of Sunrise," accompanied by her mother, graced the scene with her presence, being squatted on a knoll near by, where she was able to see distinctly the progress of the fight. All things being in readiness, time was called, and the rivals placed themselves in position for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both very cautious. Some slight sparring, Burke backing into his corner, followed sharply by Laguet. Burke let out with his left, neatly parried by Laguet. Laguet followed with a heavy right hander, getting home handsomely on his antagonist's proboscis, causing the claret to flow freely. First blood for Laguet. Fred, following up his advantage, closed with Mike, throwing him heavily. Time, 5 minutes.

2. Both to time, apparently uninjured. Fred immediately let fly with his right, sending Mike to grass. First blood and knock down for Laguet. Bets two to one on Laguet.

3. Burke advanced smiling. After some light sparring, Mike got home lightly on Fred's face, doing but slight injury. Round closed with a grapple and fall; no advantage gained.

4. Burke, at the call of time, did not rise from his second's knee without help from his principal, Mr. Coveo, lending a hand and assisted him to the score. This was a feint, and well executed. Fred, deceived by his antagonist's apparent reluctance in coming to time, struck out right and left in a terrific manner, and with great confidence, firmly believing he had a soft thing. Mike warily dodged and parried, until, watching his chance, got in a stunner on Fred's left eye, sending him hurriedly to mother earth.

5. Both to time. Fred's left eye swollen. Both very careful. Fred forced Mike on the ropes, administering some heavy body blows with his left. Cries of "foul" by the friends of Mike, which suddenly ceased, as Mike, recovering himself, threw his enemy to the ground with a tremendous shock. Time, 10 minutes.

6 Both came up with a defiant air. Mike opened the round with a heavy blow on Fred's nose, sending him to the opposite side of the ring, where he was carried to his corner by his seconds.

7. As they moved promptly to the score it was remarked that they looked wicked and determined, both apparently prepared to entertain company. Sparring light and cautious, Mike seemingly desirous of closing. Fred let fly his left, but, missing his blow, closed with his rival with the evident intention of forcing him into chancery. A dreadful struggle ensued, body blows being freely exchanged. This continued for seven or eight minutes, when they both went down, neither party claiming the round. Foul was claimed by both sides. Referee decided that the "mill" go on.

8. Both promptly to time. Burke opened the round by letting out right and left, with no purpose, his adversary coming the dodge and closing with him with the advantage of the hold, and throwing him heavily on the ground. This round was sharp and short, and the result seemed to disturb the friends of Burke, who became noisy and insolent. The referee promptly rebuked them, stating that he was there to do exact justice between the parties; that this was no "pow-wow" nor "medicine dance;" that such conduct, if persisted in, would reduce them to the level of the partizans of the London P. R.

9. Mike seemed most distressed, while his friends, anxious for success, shouted, "Go in, Mike, and finish him up;" "throw him over the ropes;" "take his scalp," &c.; while the friends of Fred tauntingly responded, "We have seven whole families 'finished up and thrown over the ropes,' it's a game that two can play at." All this time heavy hitting was going on—give and take. Fred sent a messenger which landed over Mike's left eye, sending him backward. "What do you think of the 'finishing' on his head?" "What are scalps worth over there?" from Fred's corner.

10. Mike came up slowly at the call of time, his face swollen and bleeding, yet he danced round the ring with light step. Mike essayed a blow with his right, which was parried. Close, heavy sparring followed. Mike attempted to close, but was caught in chancery by Fred, who, however, allowed him to drop without punishment.

11. Both came up reluctantly—seemed to be "hunting for something they didn't want to find." Mike tried the Yankee Sullivan dodge, but was seized by Fred, who threw him completely over his head.

12. Light and cautious sparring. Burke got in a sudden blow on Fred's mouth, knocking him down.

13. Fred got home on Mike's left cheek, toppling him over with apparent ease. Loud cheers for Laguet.

14. Mike's right manner badly swollen. Fred's left eye nearly closed. Light and cautious sparring. Both seemed to be "laying back" to recover their wind. Burke made a sudden dodge to the right, but was quickly followed by Laguet, who got in a body blow, and at the same time attempted to grapple his enemy, who, however, avoided him and got home with his right on the swollen eye of Laguet, dropping him "like a hot potato" at the feet of Burke. "*Sunny gal A pitchey,*" from the Indians—which means "hard, very."

15. Both move reluctantly to the score. Mike tried the Sayers dodge by dancing round the ring, carefully followed by Fred, and when near Mike's corner some light sparring commenced, followed by a grapple. Fred forced Mike on the ropes, but was unable to hold him there, and, after a tremendous struggle, they separated. Neither being apparently desirous of renewing the contest, they were ordered to the corners, which order was cheerfully obeyed.

16 to 22 much alike—opening with some light sparring and ending with a grapple and a fall, with no material advantage to either.

23. Opened with close and heavy sparring. Mike went down to avoid a swinging blow from Fred.

24 to 29 were similar, one or the other dropping to avoid a blow. The friends of Laguet, full of confidence, were clamorous to have their favorite "pitch in." "Show him what Indian blood can do," etc.

30. The combatants came up promptly to the score, looking fresher and more confident. Round opened with some handsome sparring. Mike got home with a sounding blow on his adversary's mug, sending him to grass. "How are you, Indian blood?" shouts Burke's second. Loud cheers from Burke's side. Betting nearly even.

31. Both to time. Laguet, who up to this time had shown a face that makes men feel fear, surprised the spectators by breaking out into a hearty laugh. Burke, though startled at such an unseemly outburst of hilarity, was too well acquainted with Indian character to be thrown off his guard. Laguet made a savage rush upon his opponent, striking tremendous blows right and left, which were neatly parried by Mike, who, making a sudden dodge to the right, closed fiercely with his antagonist, and threw him heavily to the ground.

32. At the call of time neither moved from his seat, and a dead silence fell upon the eager crowd. At the expiration of a few seconds, time was again called, when both parties came slowly to the score, the referee remarking that hereafter any similar delay would close the battle. Both seemed exhausted, but the great prize was not yet won, without which life would be a desolate waste. There, perched on the knoll, stolidly sat the "Queen," unmoving and unmoved, never betraying the slightest sign of emotion or interest in the exciting scene, except an occasional grunt when one of the combatants avoided a blow by a dexterous parry, a nimble dodge or a sudden fall. Light and cautious sparring, followed by a grapple, in which nothing was gained, but both going down, each side claiming the round. The referee, noticing the exhausted condition of the belligerents, hesitated to call time, hoping the sponge would be thrown up by one of the parties. Calling the seconds to him, he suggested that but one more round should be fought, and in case that round did not terminate decisively that it should be a drawn battle. To this end the seconds readily assented. This arrangement being made known to the "Queen," she grunted her approval, and time was called.

33 and last. Both came up to the score wearing a look of unflinching determination and proud defiance. Each, however, seemed willing to wait for the other to open the round. Finally Burke sent out his right skinner which was easily stopped by Laguet, who backed into his corner, sharply followed by Burke. They grappled at a "side hold," and both being conscious that this was the final struggle, seemed determined to do or die. Neither for an instant relaxed his hold, but by a seeming mutual consent they made frequent pauses to recover breath, and the struggle again renewed. In this manner they slowly crossed the ring to Burke's corner, where, after a desperate effort by each man to force the other on the ropes, they reluctantly and slowly relaxed their hold, falling heavily to the ground, insensible, utterly powerless and exhausted. They were picked up by their seconds and carried to their corners, when they were soon restored to consciousness by a judicious application of water and whiskey—the water externally, the whiskey internally.

The referee here remarked that he already had the consent of the seconds to declare this a drawn battle, and he trusted that all present, for the sake of humanity, would agree to this arrangement. With loud cheers for both parties, the spectators readily assented. The principals having recovered somewhat, and being requested by their seconds so to do, advanced to the centre of the ring and shook each other cordially by the hand, at the same time each speaking in the highest terms of the indomitable pluck and endurance displayed by his adversary. The assemblage then repaired to their respective camps, while the "Queen" and her mother glided noiselessly back to their cabin. Before leaving, the maiden so far relaxed from her wonted stolidity as to come into the crowd, who quickly made way for her, and shake each of her lovers by the hand, in token of her appreciation of their bravery. These hardy men were so little injured by the terrible mill through which they had passed that they were able to resume their daily labor within four days from the time of the fight. Of course, the question as to which is entitled to the hand of the "Queen" is no nearer a solution than before.—*St. Paul Press.*

TWO MILLS IN ONE RING.—During the week ending Jan. 30th, Arthur Chambers, of Salford, and Harry Kimberly, of Birmingham, met near Manchester, Eng., to contend for a purse at catch weight. The affair was kept very quiet, and only a select company was present to witness it. The men are old opponents, and Chambers, as on the previous occasion when they met, took a strong lead from the commencement, and after fighting twenty-two rounds in thirty-three minutes, was declared the victor. He left the ring almost scatheless, while Kimberly was severely punished about the body. On the conclusion of the above, Tom Scattergood, of Hulme, and Frank Powers, of Birmingham, fought for a purse, the former winning after a merry bout of twenty minutes, during which fourteen rounds were got through.

BOXING IN THE WEST.—Michael Ryan was the recipient of a sparring testimonial in St. Charles, Mo., recently, which drew together a good sized assemblage of the sports who flourish in that section of the Pike State. The entertainment commenced with a bout between Tom Riley and Pat Hanley, followed by "meets" between men entirely unknown to fame. Jimmy Halloran and Budd Davidson next favored the company with a specimen of what they were capable of doing with the mittens, the pair making a rattling set-to, and leaving off just as Ed Duffy and a friend appeared upon the stage, who likewise had it hot and heavy. The wind-up succeeded, and was given by the beneficiary and Tom Riley in a manner which elicited frequent and hearty applause.

ROOM FIGHT IN BUFFALO.—A correspondent informs us that a fight, for a good-sized stake, took place in a room in that city on the 5th inst., between a couple of novices named McDonald and Smith, *alias* "Sandy." After fighting six rounds in about forty minutes, without either having the best of the pummeling, Smith—who weighed 170lbs to his arrival's 140lbs—received a hit on the dial which placed him *hors du combat* and terminated the battle. Smith is said to be anxious to try it again, but Mac don't wish any more of it, "if you please."

A FRESH INDICTMENT AGAINST SEDDONS.—On the 9th inst. a fourth indictment was returned against George Seddons at Boston. At the last trial the jury disagreed as to the place where the engagement to fight was made. This indictment charges that the engagement was made in the city of Boston, of which place Seddons was then a resident. No arraignment has yet been made, but it is expected another trial will be had at this term of the Superior Criminal Court, providing the indictment holds good.

BOB BRETTLE, who appears to be getting along swimmingly in the "provinces," gave an exhibition to a first rate house at Lockport, N. Y., on the evening of Wednesday, 10th inst. The wind-up was between Bob and the broad-shouldered Ben Hogan. Brettle was announced to show at Buffalo on the night of the 15th.

BASE BALL.

ON SCORING IN BASE BALL.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The National Association of Base Ball Players, while taking measures to advance the prosperity of the game and to bring it up to a point of excellence as a national pastime, have, as yet, done little in the way of adopting a regular system for scoring the game, at least to the extent of establishing an official code of regulations, by means of which every game could be recorded in such a manner as to admit of the fullest and most thorough statistical analysis of each man's play. Some years since a system of abbreviation was endorsed by the Committee on Rules of the Association, and published in the Convention Book, and these are now in general use; but as far as any particular system of scoring is concerned, by which a correct and reliable criterion of a man's play can be arrived at, there is nothing official in vogue among the majority of club scorers. Out of the multiplicity of these useful members of our clubs there are but few who are competent to undertake the task of preparing a full and reliable statistical analysis of the season's play of their clubs, and even those who are competent do not all undertake the trouble of making out the required analysis each year.

With a view of establishing a uniform system of scoring throughout the country during the coming season's campaign we have had prepared for the CLIPPER, by a thoroughly competent and experienced scorer, a system of recording the details of a match game, which will be found as simple in practice as it is comprehensive in theory, and as it has been successfully tried for some years past, it possesses the advantage of a tried and successful method and as such we commend it to scorers throughout the country as a model for them to copy.

We first give the abbreviations now generally in use, and which were published in the Association Book in 1865.

A for first base.	D for catch on the bound.
B for second base.	L for foul balls.
C for third base.	S for struck out.
F for catch on the fly.	R for run out between bases.

Double letters—H R, or h r, for home runs.
L F for foul ball on the fly.
L D for foul ball on the bound.

A dot (·) is used to indicate a run scored, and the small figures (1st), (2d) and (3d), to mark when players are left on bases.

The key to the above abbreviations is a very simple one. A, B and C represent the first three bases, and all the other abbreviations are either the first or last letter of the word we abridge. Thus, we use the first letters of the words Fly, Run Out and Home Run, and the last letters of the words Bound, Foul and Struck; the reason for this is that we have already used the letter B, in base, and the letter F, in fly, and therefore D and L are substituted for bound and foul; and K, in struck, is used because it is easier to remember in connection with the word struck than S. The above abbreviations include everything necessary to record how and by whom a batsman is put out. In order, however, to illustrate the system we will briefly show how it works in a match game. We will presume by supposing the scorer to have before him one of Chadwick's "Association Score Books" or any book as comprehensive in its provisions for the record of minute details as that used by the Cincinnati Club, which is too expensive and large for ordinary use. When the contesting nines are on the field and play is about being called, the scorer records the names of the two nines in his book twice, those of the one nine as batsmen and the other as fielders on one page and in the reverse order on the other side. Each of the nine players is numbered from one to nine, and each are known as such by the number, and not by his name. For instance, the first striker comes to the bat and sends a high ball to left field, which is held on the fly by the fielder occupying that position, and who happens to be the second striker on the other side. In this case the record of how and by whom put out would be in the following form, viz.:—

2-F
1

The large figure indicates the first hand out, and small figure stands in place of the name of the fielder who puts him out, and the letter F stands for the word fly, showing how he was put out.

Now suppose the second and third strikers bat well for their base, and the former gets home and the latter is left on his third base, the third and fourth strikers being put out on three strikes,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Sketches, Reviews, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TERM NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, FEB. 15, '69.

This dark and stormy morning, all in the month of February, brings to our gaze hundreds of rose-tinted and violet-scented little enclosures, all done up in elegantly embossed envelopes, and all breathing words of tenderness and love sufficient to give a body a spell of the "yellow janders." Just to think of it—instead of opening letters with the usual important announcement:—"Please find enclosed ten, or twenty, or fifty dollars—as the case may be—to pay for enclosed advertisement," here we find nothing but valentines, informing us of the forlorn condition of the writers, of their intention to commit suicide if we don't accept them all for our valentine, and threatening vengeance dire in beautiful verse if we centre our affections and thirgs on anybody else. It's a great note, isn't it? Love's all very nice, and very pretty, and very enchanting in its place, when you can concentrate your affections on one congenial spirit, and vow to live for her alone, or die; but when it comes in heavy doses like we see before us now, in the shape of hearts and darts, and skewers, and meat axes, and such things, we get frightened at it, and wish ourself well out of all such love scrapes. We wish they hadn't come to-day; they upset our mental calculations, and though we cannot go back on these lovely valentines, we cannot spare the time to-day to answer them all. Ah! "Jim" suggests a plan; he says that he will grind out a couple of nice verses, that Tyler can set 'em up for us in type, that we can print off thousands of 'em in a jiffy, and that we can dispatch them to our myriad of female friends, not one of whom will be the wiser for this duplicity. Jimmy, grease her a little, and hurry up the cakes:—

LINES TO MARY, OR JANE, OR SALLY, AS THE CASE MAY BE.

Oh, maiden fair, with pale blue (or red, or brown, anything, as the occasion requires) hair,
And eyes of azure hue,
On bended knee, I swear to thee
Forever to be true.
You orb of night, whose silvery light
Shines soft as love's young dream,
May wax and wane, and come again,
Yet still thou'll be my theme.

Angelic Jane (or Jerusha, or Phœbe, or Sal, whatever it is) with the flowing mane,
Ne'er novel I mad hast there;
This heart of mine beats true to thine,
My bright divinity.
Suns, stars and moon may fade full soon,
And chaos come again,
Ere I shall leave, or thee deceive,
My own sweet idol, Jane (or insert such name as the exigency of the case may require).

Now, Jimmy, envelope 'em, and send 'em off as quick as possible. Thus endeth our first lesson, as our pious brethren are wont to say on Sabbath morning .....Marry, but we New Yorkers are the favored of the gods! 'Twas but a month ago that we, in blissful ignorance, were content to take our best dramatic stuff from such as Boucicault, until an enterprising man of Celtic rent did boldly stand out for his country's good, and hail with joy her authors; then were we favored with great railroad scenes, and burning boats, and others of that ilk, and all went well. But now, behold the change, and mark you well what follows. We have the ancient style of play for those who in it find delight, and with it—what? Sure, pen of man must fall to write, and writing best must lack in full expression; for those who in the sombre tragedy would see their full desire, must needs feel joy, for have they not their Booth? And then, for those who favors beg of Thalia—merry goddess—they're but to court the "genial John," or Don John Lester—her most favored sons—and lo! they have them all. Then those who in Euterpe's dulcet strains find solace for their every care, have they not Grau and Fiske, who's next of kin to Croesus? And so, those votaries of Momus, sure they must be satisfied with all the fun derived from our burlesques, and from its fair enactors' skill, and, further, speak it with your fingers on your lips—their legs, their shapes and their bleached golden hair; and one of these fair beauties, the leader of the clan, has, with a pretty pout, denied she bleached her hair at all; and truth to tell, her card unto the *Herald* sent, says:—"That I was born a blonde, and a blonde I'll die." The lovely lady speaks but truth, for she has borne a blonde full long, and she—or we are wrong—will dye a blonde some years to come. "Jimmy, can she stand the strain of another verse without dislocating anything?" "What's it to be on to?" "About burlesque and legs." "Yes, she can stand on legs a whole day." "Turn her gently, then, for time nor tide wait for no men."

LEGS AND BURLESQUE.

'Tis now the ladies show
That to make a burlesque go,
They've only be beautiful and fair;
And for favors they may beg,
If they've not a splendid leg,
And the lightest of the light-dyed golden hair.

Now, isn't it a shame,
We ask in play's name,
That woman from her sphere should thus—

Stop her, Jimmy; we don't want any moralising from a *machine*; we can do that ourself if it's necessary, which it isn't, since the public go their bo tom dollar on legs and physical charms ..... Once there was a young actress who scarcely education had been some what neglected, but who, from a display of nature's handiwork, made herself an object of interest to a virtuous constituency; she found that legs and all that sort of thing took very well, but nevertheless she undertook to study a part requiring a good deal of *head* work; but in the end heads didn't win. One night, while playing this head piece, a well known actor, who wished the girl to do well, and to avoid the many ungrateful expressions she had familiarized her audience with, said to her, "be cautious to-night what you say, for I see Smith, of the *Tribune*, here; Jones, of the *Herald*; Brown, of the *Times*; and Jinkins, of the *World*." "And," put in another actor standing by at the time, "look out for Lindley Murray, too." "Ah!" says the young actress, "what paper's he on?"..... We say nothing, yet we are hefty on the think. While resting in the arms of our easy chair the other day these strange and weird thoughts occured to us .....

— Isn't it somewhat remarkable, that while Edwin Booth so objects to *rant* himself, he should have *Morant* than ever in his company?

— Can you account for this queer freak in musical science—that you have to sing so *high* before you can sing *solo*?

— And here's another thing:—How can a play be well *spoken* of when it's *gagged*?

— Are the proprietors of the Theatre Comique *bad pay*, that they always require *A. Dunning*? Or have they *"only Lingard"* in their payments?

— When the Waverley Theatre opens to-night, will it have a good *Holt* on the public? And if so, is it to be supposed that other burlesque artists will go to the *Wall*?

— And in regard to Rose *Massey*, now at Wood's Museum, can our billiard-loving friends inform us whether she is a *draw*, or whether she can score, being a *"Miss" Massey*?

— Does Henry Ward Beecher object to the *Pastor-al* drama?

— Do only *profane* people go to the *Cafe des Dames* at Tammany?

— What *is* the exact meaning of "An Immense Success," and of "An Unprecedented Triumph?"

And so, with these few queries, the solution of which we leave to our invaluable and widely circulated readers, we turn our attention to a higher sphere, and let our friends hear a few crude ideas

FROM THE MAN IN THE FLIES.

Mister Editor Clipper.—Althof my views isnt no novelties to the critikle public in respect of the manner into witch the plays o' Mister Willyam Shakspier, whom 'as bien calld the sweet swan of New Haven, shoud be rendered, still a few remarks on that exaustles subjec' might not be a miss, witch we all know is as good as a mile, if not better. I hav never believed that all apreciation for works of igh dramoatic art was extinc amongst us as a people, althof the fac is ondeniable that uman nacher will be uman nacher, and few of us is willin, like Barkis, to pen ourselfs up in a box, as it were, all night to lissen to a fuss class tradegy, when we kin go an git enthoosiastic over slender legs and low neck dresses, or purchis the gratification of seein a fello' man fawl from off a trapis or bust is snoot by a unforchunate tumble from an orse. Boothe and Lester Wallick may be excepshins as to drawin nothink, because now our play goers kin revvil in veristy, and kin homsense up town with Booth or Wallick, take that comilkie genus (co is strictly *sue us generous*), John Brougham, as a sandwitch, and the circkus or the minnistrels or the hopery bal is far as a desert to top off with. But to my subject. It will be seen that a subsoil philsof pervades the plays o Shakespier throout. Take, for instins, is Amlet, where he says—"To be or not—to B that is the questin"—admoitten the possibility of a dout, without witch her could be no argyment—"Wether 'tis better in the mind's eye to suffer the 'slings' that 'outrageous outrageous conscience"—ere is allushn to is favrite bevridge is evident, and this view is further confirmd in act 1, scene 3, in the pasidge witch follows:—

"*Ghost*—(*Speach*)—*Swear!*

"*Ham.*—Hic! now be it—") Then we'll change our ground" —and then, punchin' of is stomuick—"Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!" This pasidge, I think, also pints to the fac that Amlet was ard up, in spate of is bein a prints, and might even a bin contemplatin a cokin of somethin to eat from a resterant, like Joey Grimaldy or Fox, for instans, for does e not say to Orashio:—

"And what so poor a man as Amlet is—
Let's go in together;
And stick your fingers on yer lips, I pray ye,
The times is *out of joint*. (*Eye e finds the larder is empty.*) O, cussed spite!
That ever I was born to set 'em up!"

Implyin that e wood are to go to settin up tenpins if things didn't mend. So also in Act 3 he says to Orashio, 'is cully:—

"Nay, don't you think I flatter—
For what advance could I obtain from thee,
That no revenue hast but good spirits."

E ad is keg full just then, it is probable. Now if we take this view o the queschn, we can reddily account for awl the great lites o former days, such as Cooke, Kean, Cooper, Ambling, for generly persuating their leading *roles* in a state o fleshy, for generly persuating their leading *roles* in a state o fleshy, for generly persuating their leading *roles* in a state o fleshy

Keene, N. H., 10th; Claremont, 11th; Rutland, Vt., 12th; North Adams, 13th. They are billed for Pittsfield, Mass., Feb. 15th; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 16th; Troy, 17th, and Schenectady, 18th. The troupe comprises Camilla Urso, violinist; Miss Rideway, soprano; Rudolph Hall, cornetist; D. C. Hall, bugle soloist, and Charles E. Pratt, pianist. They are *en route* for California.

Portions of fresco painting, the design of which is carried out with walls from top to bottom. The house is heated by steam, well ventilated, and is lighted by means of 144 gas jets around the base of the dome. The stage is arranged for traps, so that any spectacular piece can be represented with good effect. The entrance to the house is large and spacious and the outlets numerous. The attention of managers of theatrical companies, operas, concert troupes, &c., is called to the proprietor's advertisement in another column.

JAMES TAYLOR, the "London Champion Comic," as he is known abroad, publishes a sweeping challenge in this issue to any comic vocalist in America for $1,000 and the championship, Mr. Taylor being anxious to give Mr. Lingard a trial, and let the American public see who possesses the most merit, offers to put up $2,000 and the champion gold medal he won in London, containing one hundred and eight diamonds, to Lingard's $1,000, and compete with him in public. Mr. Taylor performs this week with Alf. Burnett in Toronto, Canada, and goes thence to the Howard Athenæum, Boston, for four weeks.

M. JOHN DENIER left Kansas City, Mo., on Feb. 1st, with a small company, and opened at Holden, Mo., on the 6th, and remained three nights. In the afternoon of the third day Mr. Denier made a rope ascension. On the 9th the party were to open at Warrensburg, Mo. The company consists of Maggie Willett, Jennie Fisher, James Hayes, George Fisher, M. A. Barrow and John Denier.

THE HANLON COMBINATION open a six nights' stay in Savannah, Ga., on the 22d inst.

A PANORAMA is advertised for sale cheap, by J. F. Libby, in another column.

A LADY VOCALIST and a musical performer are wanted for a traveling company. See S. A. Munson's advertisement.

R. A. NORTH solicits an engagement as general agent for a responsible company, through a card in our advertising columns.

OLD'S OPERA HOUSE, Muscatine, Iowa, is advertised to rent for first class entertainments; it will seat about one thousand, is well lighted, warmed and ventilated, and has two dressing rooms.

THE NORTH WESTERN MUSEUM, Messrs. Allen and Oaks proprietors, is an interesting and prosperous institution, we are informed, and is now touring in Wisconsin. Among its stars are James Mulligan, glass blower; Madame Randall, giantess; James Mulligan, glass blower; Madame Randall, giantess; Kate Ackley, tall girl; Emma Hoyt, little lady; and wax statuary, representing the assassination of President Lincoln. By an advertisement elsewhere it will be seen that other curiosities are wanted for this institution.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY—Tribe of John—were in Chicago on the 11th inst.

PROF. AND MAD. CARTER, magicians, who have been traveling through Illinois and Wisconsin, are now in Indiana. They were to open in La Porte on the 15th, for three nights, and will occupy the balance of the week, thence to Fort Wayne and Indianapolis.

HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA OF NEW YORK is billed ahead as follows, traveling by wagons:—Essex, Mass., 16th; Ipswich, 17th; North Andover, 18th; Ballard Valle, 19th, and Methuen 20th.

THE LAND and rules of the late Academy of Music, Albany, are advertised for sale.

MUSICIANS OF ABILITY are advertised for elsewhere by George A. Florence.

PROF. HAZELMAYER, the prestidigitateur and musician, who has the repute of giving a first class entertainment, had a full house to witness his performance at Baltimore, Md., on the 11th inst. He commenced three nights at Reading, Pa., on the 15th inst.

THE MAIN STREET OPERA HOUSE, Johnstown, Pa., has lately been dedicated by Messrs Henderson and Canning, of Pittsburgh, who played to good houses for a week, and they reopen there on the 22d with Kittie Henderson. The house is a brick edifice capable of seating one thousand persons, is well lighted, has stage, dressing room and a green room, also a set of scenery painted by Seavey & Co., of New York. Persons wishing to rent the above house will find the proprietor's card in another column.

ODEON HALL, Bowling Green, Ky., of good seating capacity and well fitted up, may be rented by addressing Messrs. Hackney & Gerard, as peradvertisement.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, O., may be rented, from June to September, for miscellaneous entertainments. See advertisement.

PROF. EVERETT, prestidigitator, was performing last week in Covington and Newport, Ky.

THE PHILHARMONIC of Rochester, N. Y., announce a concert at St. James Hall, Buffalo, on the 18th, assisted by Henri Appy, violinist, Jennie Bull, of New York, and others.

JOHN BOGAN advertises that on receipt of cash he will send written lessons on the banjo and jig and clog dancing. Banjos and other musical instruments can also be had from him.

BELLE BOYD AND MAUDE ST. LEON, who are traveling through the South, giving dramatic readings, opened in Galveston, Texas, on Jan. 26th, to a good house. The same was repeated on Jan. 30th. A correspondent says:—"The ladies then visited Navasota, and gave a reading on Feb. 4th, to very good business, and went thence to Bryan, opening Feb. 6th. Although the weather was bad, rain the streets ankle deep and muddy, business was good. On the 9th they left for Galveston, and on the 10th sail for New Orleans. They will then take the Southern coast, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah, &c., and 'On to Richmond' and Baltimore."

Amateur.

THE DAVENPORT DRAMATIC Club of Cincinnati gave "Still Waters Run Deep" on Friday evening, Feb. 12th, to a large audience of invited guests. The two leading parts of John Mildmay and Captain Hawksley were finely rendered by Warren Kennedy and James E. Sherwood, and the play was pronounced a great success.....The attempt of the Shakespeare Club at "Hamlet" was very successful. They produced "Katherine and Petruchio" on the 16th, with A. Clark as Petruchio, Finch as Grumio and Mrs. Moore as Katherine.

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia performed "Who Speaks First" and "Midnight Watch" on the 4th. Messrs. Stockton, Jr., Combes and Bartram in the former, were good, Mr. Hulfish particularly so in the latter.....The Boothenian produced the "Serious Family" on the 6th, with Mr. Mayhurst as Charles Torrens. The ladies acquitted themselves excellently.....The Dramatic Union D. A. have removed to their new hall, Ninth and Spring Garden streets.....'A Party by the Name of Johnson" made his debut at the Wheatley Association on the 13th. The bill consists of several farces.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—The theatres of the metropolis continue to be largely attended, and the managers are constantly procuring novelty. More than at any previous time, managers display an anxiety to produce all their novelties on a Saturday evening. "Caude du Val" is the title of a new burlesque by Mr. Barnand, presented at the New Royalty on Jan. 23d. It is pronounced one of that author's best productions....."Red Hands" is the title of a new drama announced for production on Jan 30th at the St. James'.....'After Dark," after a brilliant run, was withdrawn from the boards of the Princess on Feb. 8th.....The drama of "The Flying Dutchman" has been revived at the Pavilion.....At Covent Garden, Drury Lane, The Haymarket, Princess', Adelphi, Lyceum, Olympic, Strand, Gaiety, Queen's, Prince of Wales', Holborn, Royal Alfred, Surrey, Victoria, Standard, Grecian, Britannia, Alexandra and East London, and also at the Holborn Amphitheatre, no change has occurred.....'Adrienne Lecouvreur" has been revived at Sadler's Wells, after being shelved fifteen years.....A new drama, called "Marie Antoinette," in which Mlle. Beatrice Dhu will appear, was to be produced at the Princess' on Feb. 8th. For months past this piece has been played in nearly every town in England.....The Lord Chamberlain having been informed of the impropriety of the dresses lately worn in the spectacular pieces produced at the theatres, has sent the following circular to all theatrical managers under his jurisdiction:—

The Lord Chamberlain presents his compliments to the manager of the ——— and from other sources, that there is much reason to complain of the impropriety of costume of the ladies in the pantomimes, burlesques, &c., which are now being performed in some of the metropolitan theatres. He has noticed, for some time past, that this evil has been gradually on the increase, but he has been most unwilling to interfere in a matter which he considers out of more properly to be left to the discretion and good taste of managers themselves. Now, however, that the question has been taken up by the press, and public opinion is being expressed upon it, he feels himself compelled to call the serious attention of the managers to the subject; for he cannot but remark the disrobit that now justly falls on the stage, and the indecencies which are now being exhibited before many who have hitherto requented the theatres, but who now profess themselves unwilling to permit the ladies of their families to sanction by their presence such questionable exhibitions. The Lord Chamberlain, while very anxious to promote the interests of the stage, trusts that he may confidently appeal to the managers to assist in abating the evil complained of, which threatens to become a public scandal. He has purposely addressed these observations in the form of a circular to the managers of all theatres under his jurisdiction, without imputing blame to any one in particular, and will gladly receive from them any observations or suggestions which they may wish to offer on the subject.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, Jan 28, 1869.

.....The Original Royal Christy Minstrels is the name of a new minstrel party announced to open in London on Feb. 11th at St. George's Hall, in a burlesque on Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse," entitled "The Grand Dutch-ess of London," with scenery and costumes, and a band and chorus of one hundred performers. This announcement will be a great surprise to Kelly and Leon, who have for several weeks been making preparations for their departure for London to produce their burlesque opera.....Howard Paul has written a farce for Mr. Toole, which is founded upon a very droll notion. It is called "Love in a Tromboone." Mr. Toole is to play a fussy old musician named Bilkins.....Mr. and Mrs. Herman Vezin are shortly to appear in a translation of a German drama by the same author that Mr. Robertson "consulted" in his new piece, "School."....Lord Arthur Clinton, the ex-M. P., of Newark, and who has strutted his brief hour on the stage at the Strand and various provincial theatres, contemplates a professional visit to America to "star" in light comedy.....Mlle. Beretta, of the San Carlo, Naples, will be the next Alhambra star of the *ballet*.....The Siamese Twins were announced to open at Egyptian Hall on February 9th.....Watts Phillips will be very shortly represented simultaneously at the Adelphi in "The Dead Heart;" at the Queen's, the new drama of "Not Guilty," and the Holburn, another new drama, the name of which has not transpired.....The drama in three acts, at the Adelphi, in preparation by Wilkie Collins and Mr. Reichter, will be taken from Mr. Collins' tale of "The Moonstone," an adaptation of which has already appeared in America.....'Brown and the Brahmins or, Captain Pop, and the Princess Pretty Eyes" is the title of a new burlesque produced at the Globe Theatre, and which is pronounced a success.....Miss Glyn (Mrs. Dallas) finds herself compelled, by the state of her health, to relinquish, for a time at least, both theatrical engagements and dramatic readings. She will in future receive a limited number of pupils, to whom she will give dramatic instruction and training.....Joseph Simpson, an old actor, died on January 26th, in his seventieth year.....The remains of Nelly Moore were interred in Brompton Cemetery on February 1st.....Thomas Lyon, the original Orphan Wild, in the drama of "Jack Sheppard," died at Shoreditch on January 23d, aged fifty-seven years. His last appearance on the stage was at the City of London Theatre, August 28th, 1867, when he appeared as Job Thornberry, in "John Bull," for the benefit of Austin Lee.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—The drama in Paris is said to be in rather an immoral condition. At the Gymnase Dramatique, "Seraphine," a five act comedy by M. Sardou, is holding the boards. It was originally called the "Devote," but it was thought that title might wound the susceptibilities of the religious world.....The "Princesse Rouge" is an extravaganza being played at the Ambigu.....Messrs. Chivot and Daru have produced "Le Carnaval d'un Merle Blanc," at the Palais Royal.....The theatre Francais has presented a comedy in four acts, called "Faux Menages." The London *Glowworm*, of Jan. 23d, says:—"When we contemplate the state of literature and the drama at the present day, and when the most superficial observer cannot fail to recognize in all classes of society in Paris a wide spread, luxurious immorality, we must come to the conclusion that at no period has vice become so universally practiced, and, we may say, appreciated. That, in "holding the mirror up to nature," a dramatis should occasionally reflect the immorality around him, the vices of his age, is perhaps but a legitimate occupation; but when we find the whole dramatic literature of the country dedicated to the depicting of seduction, adultery and the incidents of prostitution, we must come to the conclusion that the taste of the day has degenerated into a most vicious circle of human immorality. It is not too much to say that there is scarcely any theatre in Paris to which parents can with propriety take either their daughters or their sons, and the dramatic author appears to be writing for mercenaries women and young men who support vice."....."A new theatre is about to be erected on a portion of the site now occupied by the Magasins-Reunis....."The name of M. Adolphe Guence, the director of the Theatre des Nouveautes, appears in the French official list of bankrupts.....The revue at the Theatre Dejazet is by MM. Alexandre Flan, A. Lemenuie, and Oswald. It is entitled "Cauloisienne."....."A new drama by M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, has been received at the Gaite.....A farce, founded apparently upon La Fontaine's not over moral "Le Faiseur d'Oreilles," has been produced at the Theatre de l'Athenee. It is by M. Mark Lapreuve, *fils*, and is entitled "La Soire a Demain."....The transfusion of the "Secret de Monson" is completed. In future the six actors who compose the comite de lecture of the theatre Francais will be compelled to sign their names to their votes, and state their reasons for giving it.

"BONES" IN TROUBLE.—Mr. G. W. Moore, one of the principals, and "Bones" of the Christy Minstrels, appeared at the Westminster Police Court, London, recently, charged with assaulting William Pardoe, a cab driver. About one o'clock on New Year's morning, defendant and six others of his party got into complainant's cab at St. James' Hall. Complainant expressed great reluctance to take them, but the police told him he was bound to do so, and that they would pay him. He conveyed them inside and outside his carriage to defendant's residence, "Christy" House, Chelsea. On arriving there, complainant got down, expecting to receive his fare, and on being asked what it was, he said he would leave it to them, as they were all performers. Upon this the defendant replied, "We never perform out of London," and letting fly at complainant with his fist, gave him a black eye. For the defence, it was proved by the evidence of several witnesses that when complainant first refused to carry the party he used abusive language to them, defendant's name being mentioned. Remarks about defendant were made in his hearing to the outsiders on their way to Chelsea. On their arrival there defendant offered complainant 3s. 6d., whereupon he said he would have none of his "American harky-panky tricks," and would punch his head. Complainant put up his fists and rushed towards defendant, when the latter, putting himself on the defensive, his fist came in contact with the complainant's eye. Mr. Ambrose Austin, manager of St. James' Hall, proved that complainant used very offensive language, and objected to take the Christy Minstrels at first. He was cross examined by Mr. Smyth, and stated that they and some friends had supped at the hall on the last night of the old year, and growing "larkish," broke one another's hats, and that most of the party were without any, some having handkerchiefs round their heads when they hired the cab. The Magistrate said he thought it clearly proved that at the start complainant used most offensive and improper language; but he was of opinion that he was perfectly sober, and one was not surprised at his reluctance to carry hilarious gentlemen presenting the appearance the defendant and his party were said to cut. If it had not been for the provocation of the bad language, he should have given defendant an opportunity of reflecting upon his conduct in prison, instead of complaining in any future entertainment that he had taken his money. On the Magistrate's recommenda ion that Mr. Moore should make the cabman compensation, to save his adjudication, defendant gave the cabman £2 and a guinea costs.

BADDELEY, the English comedian, seventy-five years since, left funds for cake and wine to be partaken of on "Twelfth Night by the Drury Lane company, in the great green room, forever." The anniversary was duly honored this year, when Mr. Charterton supplemented an additional cake and other good cheer. Mr. W. Bennett, the trustee of the fund, no longer gave—"The memory of David Garrick," but the proper and original toast—'The memory of Robert Baddeley.' This actor was the last who used to go down to the theatre, in his uniform of scarlet and gold, worn by the patented players, as "Gentlemen of their Majesties' Household."

WAGNER has finished the third part of his gigantic opera of "Mebelungen," which, complete, will take several nights to act. One scene in it requires an aquarium, so that the characters—mermaids and mermen—may swim about and skip from rock to rock, and dive beneath the depths, singing all the time. We hope Jim Fisk is a sufficiently skillful wagoner to drive it through successfully.

CHARLES READE thinks of building a new theatre in London, Eng., in which only the Reade drama is to be performed. Is to sing drama, and drink dram, eh! to be ruled out?

JAMES EDMONDS, of Wombwell's Menagerie, has purchased Hamel, the favorite horse of the late Emperor Theodorus.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATTHEWS have received, it is said, from an American manager, an offer of £5,000 sterling for a season of eight months in New York and other principal cities.

HERR FORMES, the well known bass, is said to be about to appear in England as an actor of Shakespearean characters. He has been very successful in some of these presentations in Germany. Shylock is to be the subject of his first essay.

MAPLESON'S OPERA TROUPE are still starring in the Northern counties of England.

LOVEDAY AND SUMMERS' OPERA TROUPE, with Aynsley Cook in the party, were in Cork, Jan. 25th.

MRS. HARRIS, wife of the lessee of the Theatre Royal, South Shields, Eng., died in that town on Jan. 27th.

BARRY O'NEIL, from America, made his *debut* in Australia, as a comic singer, on Nov. 28th, at the Varieties, Melbourne.

THE TURF.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

THE CHESTER CUP ACCEPTANCES—THE DERBY WINNER, BLUE GOWN, STRUCK OUT OF THE RACE—BETTING ON THE CUP, DERBY AND TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS—DEATH OF A ST. LEGER WINNER—A LEVIATHAN BETTING MAN GONE.

The appearance of the list of horses accepting the weights imposed upon them by the handicapper for the Chester Cup, and the fact that among them the name of Sir Joseph Hawley's famous Derby victor, Blue Gown, was not included, has caused a wide-spread feeling of consternation among turfmen in England. The horse had been backed for thousands of pounds for this race even before the entries were made; and after the weights were published, and it was known that his chance was not cut with 130lbs upon him, there was an universal rush among backers to invest their money on him, thus forestalling his owner, if the latter was inclined to back him, in which event he would have to be satisfied with a short price about him. There is no doubt that Blue Gown would have been a most dangerous horse for this race, even with the tremendous weight for a four year old which he carried, for in the Cambridgeshire, last fall, he had run a good second to Seesaw, carrying 128 pounds, a performance which stamped him as one of the best horses that ever trod the English turf. With only two pounds more on him than he had in that race, and now a year older, his wonderful stamina and tremendous speed would have been we I served on the Chester Cup Course, and it was very probable he might have repeated the victory which Asteroid accomplished in 1863, carrying the same weight. It is very probable that Sir Joseph Hawley would have run Blue Gown for the Cup, but for the interference and untimely meddling of others in no way connected with him, who, anticipating the owner of the horse and the stable, backed all the "long shots" about him, leaving the former the option of according about one quarter of the odds they themselves had got. It was to punish these men, who had thus forestalled him about his own horse, that Sir Joseph struck him out of this race, and will trust his interests to other representatives of his stable. This act of retributive justice will doubtless have a good effect, as it will learn betters a lesson not to back horses to win immense stakes before their owners have laid out a dollar on them or themselves. Besides Blue Gown, Sir Joseph Hawley has struck out Pero Gomez and Rosicrucian, leaving The Palmer and Vagabond to represent his stable. The striking out of the top weight, Blue Gown, has necessitated the raising of the highest weight accepting 122lbs.) to 124lbs., and the others in proportion, the Liverpool Cup winner, The Palmer, being now the top weight. Of the one hundred and twenty-six entries, fifty-four have paid forfeit, leaving seventy-two remaining in, so that there is certain to be a large field of starters, and good betting. The celebrated northern trainer, John Scott, appears to be highly dissatisfied with the weights that the Whitewall horses Taraban, Viscount and The Spy have imposed on them by the handicapper, as he has struck them all out of the race. The withdrawal of the three winner laves Paul Jones, who won the Cup last year, again at the head of the betting quotations, a position which his lenient weight for a four year old, 107lbs., and his acknowledged racing merits justly entitled him to; his present price is 1,000 to 100. His owner, Mr. Hodgman, declares that he has not backed him for a dollar, and that he is for sale. The three year olds, Robespierre, 90 lbs, and St. Munco, 84 lbs, rank next in the betting, the former being backed at 10 to 6, and the latter at five points more. Among other orders supported at prices ranging from 25 to 1 to 30 to 1, are Ivanhoe, of the Garter, Birdseeker, Fair Wind, Romping Girl, King's Cross, and Goodlooker. Both of Sir Joseph Hawley's pair, The Palmer, 5 yrs, 124lbs, and Vagabond, 3 yrs, 79 lbs., have been support d to some extent in the market, at 25 to 1 each, and doubt as they still find hosts of backers before the day of the race, for the Liverpool Cup winner is a wonderfully sound, honest horse, able to carry weight and stay the distance, and his owner once tried him highly enough to take 7 to 1 about him for the Derby, while the stable thought so highly of the feather weight, Vagabond, for the Maiden Plate at Ascot, that they trusted him with a good deal of money on that occasion. It is true he deceived them there, but with such admirable trying tackle as Sir Joseph has got, it is hardly possible that they were altogether mistaken in Vagabond, and he may make amends for that defeat by carrying the cherry jacket to victory over the Roodee.

The betting on the Lincolnshire Handicap has not altered much since our last issue. The high-weighted Syces is the favorite, at 100 to 8; Monarch of the Glen next, at 15 to 1; Lady Coventry is unsteady, at 2 to 1; and Islam and George Osbaldeston at the same price. Van Amburgh and Mr. Pitt have been "knocked out," 50 to 1 being vainly offered against them. For the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase The Colonel has suddenly sprung from an outside position to the rank of first favorite. At first 25, and then 20 to 1 was taken, and at prices down to 100 to 9, was backed for all the money obtainable; this horse, who is by Knight of Kars out of Boadicea, is trained in private, and has not shown to great advantage in public, except in Welter races. The second favorite is Fan, a mare whose only recommendation is that she ran second to Cortowin, in 1867, for this race, when he gave her 24 lbs. and beat her easily; she has been steadily supported to win a large stake, at 15 to 1. Globule and Sultan are backed steadily at 20 to 1, while the Lincolnshire horse, Tathwell, was supported to win £50,000, at prices ranging from 30 to 1 to 2 to 1. Chairman is backed at such outside prices at 1,000 to 35, and Fairyland, Brahma, Bishopton, Captain Crosstree, Brick and others are occasionally nibbled at 40 to 1.

The Derby betting has suddenly become brisk, and the three favorites, Beladrum, Pero Gomez and Wild Oats, are in most demand. Beladrum seems to be under suspicion; although 13 to 2 is the highest offer against him, it is always forthcoming, and Pero Gomez is decidedly first favorite. The recognized commissioner for Sir Joseph Hawley recently took one bet of $30,000 to $5,000 about this latter and would have gone on at the same price, but 11 to 2 is now the highest offer His owner is very confident about him, his faith being founded on the fact that he has tried him with The Palmer, the same horse he tried Blue Gown with, and it is said he found Pero quite as good as the Derby winner. Wild Oats has also been heavily backed at 7 to 1, while there has been a rush upon his stable companion Tenedos at 1,000 to 30. Ethus has met with considerable support at 20 to 1, and 100 to 6 would have been taken at the close of business. Lord Zetland's colt Brennus is still backed in some quarters to win largely at 40 to 1, and Ryshworth shows signs of coming again, as 2,000 to 90 was largely taken. In the Two Thousand Guineas betting, Wild Oats has clearly deprived Beladrum of the premiership, as the former would be backed at 9 to 4, while 3 to 1 goes begging about the latter. Indeed the starting of Beladrum for this race is regarded as doubtful, for it is thought Mr. Merry, his owner, will prefer reserving him for the more important event on Epsom Downs. Many parties assert that he is not doing steady work and cannot be got ready for the Two Thousand race, and they prophecy that the same fate which attended Liddington, The Student, Dundee and Lord of the Isles will attend Beladrum in the contest for the "Blue Riband of the Turf."

From France we learn that Imperieuse, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas and St. Leger in 1857 (in both of which races she defeated that wonderful filly Blink Bonny) has died, after dropping a foal to Doliar. She was by Orlando, and she has not long survived her sire. She was owned by John Scott, of Malton, who sold her and the equally celebrated Oaks winner Songstress to Monsr. Lupin for a large price.

After the removal of Beadsman as a sire had been established by such splendid public performers as Blue Gown, The Palmer, Rosicrucian, Pero Gomez, Green Sleeve and Morna, his owner, Sir Joseph Hawley, increased his fees to one hundred guineas. His subscription list filled immediately, and he promises to have a brilliant season, for among the highbred mares that have been sent to visit him are the renowned Achievement (sister to Lord Lyon and winner of the St. Leger) Regalia, the Oaks winner; Palm (the dam of Vauban); Virginia (sister to Regalia); Troublesome; and Griselda (the dam of Anglo Saxon).

The death of Mr. John Jackson, until recently the largest bookmaker and heartiest betting man on the English turf, has lately been the most prominent topic in racing circles. Although compara ively a young man, being only in his forty-first year, he had for over twenty years been regarded as the leviathan bettor on the turf. He was the son of a Yorkshire farmer, and from boyhood evinced a peculiar aptitude for racing speculation. Brought up in the immediate vicinity of the great training stables at Middleham, his first connection with the turf was in the Flying Dutchman's year, and it was with the money he won by backing this horse in all his successful two and three year engagements " the Derby and St. Leger) that he commenced that career which made his name familiar with and associated with racing as the most stupendous and enterprising speculator that ever trod the turf. He was always a strong supporter of the Middleham stables, and especially of Lord Glasgow's, Lord Zetland's and Admiral Harcourt's horses. Over Effington, (belonging the latter) the Derby victor of 1856 he won $200,000, and Kettledrum netted him nearly as much. When Lord Glasgow's Gen ral Peel won the Two Thousand Guineas, he won a very large stake, and having backed that horse and Blair Athol for an enormous sum, for the Derby, he at length decided "to go" for the General, as he did not care to stand two horses for such a large amount. A Commission was consequently thrown in to the market to hedge his Blair Athol money, but this was found so difficult that he had to stand all of it out, and consequently won $100,000, as Blair Athol won and General Peel was second. He early became an owner of race horses, and among them were Saunterer, Tim Whiffler, Elland, Lady Tatton, Repulse, Neptonas, Blackthorn and Haddington. With the latter he won the Great Metropolitan, and with Tim Whiffler the Chester, Goodwood, and Doncaster Cups. He subsequently formed a large breeding establishment, and gave Mr. Ianson $37,500 for Blair Athol, the largest price ever known for a stallion, as well as the choice mares that money could buy. He was a warm patron of cricket, and the "three Cambridge men," Diver, Hayward and Carpenter, were constantly his guests at his country seat during the winter. His health first gave way in Lord Lyons' Derby year, consumption having marked him for its own, for although nature had given him a fine constitution, he had been too prodigal with it, and she had her revenge at last. Finding recovery hopeless, he disposed of all his stock at a public sale the Saturday after the Doncaster Meeting, which realized over $140,000, Blair Athol being sold for $26,000. With his brethren of the ring he was very popular, and his charity and kindness endeared him to all. He leaves a wife, a son of nine years (in whose name the Derby and St. Leger nominations of 1869 are made), and five daughters.

TROTTING ON ICE.—A trot for $200 came off at Fishkill, N. Y., on the 11th inst., and was won by the mare, Belle. Time, 2:55; 2:50.....Samuel Fisk's grey gelding, Fisk, and Charles Hutchings' chestnut gelding, Billy, trotted to sleighs, mile heats, best three in five, at Spot Pond, near Boston, on the 9th inst. Billy won in three straight heats in 2:49; 2:51, and 2:48.

A FOX STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Speaking of foxes, let me answer you that those of the western prairies are the most cunning and smart set of creatures I ever had the pleasure of meeting. When I was in the Rocky Mountains——"

"What? Were you ever in the Rocky Mountains?" asked a chorus of voices.

Uncle Tom was in good humor this evening, and, as is always the case, ready to relate to the attentive listeners surrounding him one of his "*true as gospel*" stories, as he called them.

"Why, indeed I was there. Have I never told you? The greater part of my youth I passed there. Ask the red skins of the prairies; ask every trapper's child—they all can tell you of hunter Tom. Ah! when I think of that happy time when I smoked with my young squaw the pipe of peace—friends, those were the happy moments of life. But, as the poet says, 'true love never runs smooth.' My squaw died, my child died, and one day, while I was on a trapping expedition, abducted by one of her former lovers, the devilish Indian chief, Ohaiho, taken to his wigwam and—eaten alive."

Uncle Tom wiped a tear out of his eye and said:—

"Never mind those painful remembrances, but to the fox story I promised you. Let me assure you, a Yankee, as cunning and smart as he may be stands no comparison with a fox. After a person has lived with them long years, one comes to know them thoroughly. If they would wave their tail, or witch their ear a certain way, or lift one of their trotters, I knew precisely the meaning of the movement. But as thoroughly as I knew them, just as thoroughly they had studied me, and it was very seldom that I could get a shot at them. For whole weeks, even months, I would not see one of them; still, unmistakable traces would betray to me the fact that they had graced the neighborhood of my wigwam with their presence. But whenever they knew that I had run out of powder and lead, they would make their appearance openly and not show the least fear, and whenever my two dogs—for whom they entertained the greatest respect—were absent, they would play around me, and whenever I was foolish enough to stretch quickly my hand out, with an idea of catching them, they would nimbly jump aside and salute me with one of their mocking barks. So, one afternoon, being entirely out of lead and powder, I returned, after a few hours' promenade across the prairies, to my wigwam, started a fire, roasted a steak, ate it, and laid myself across my luxurious couch of bears' and other skins, more with the idea of resting than sleeping. My dogs were out hunting, and, having nothing to pass my time with, I looked into the burning fire and thought of days gone by—when, lo! a fox stood before me. Think of my surprise when I became aware of the presence of this gentleman. I have to remark here that I had cut a hole into my door, for my dogs to pass through, and through this opening Mr. Foxy had made his unceremonious entrance. With the nonchalance of a butcher dog he walked up to the fire and sat on his hind legs, as if to warm himself. Oh, how I wished for my dogs! but in the hope that they would return soon and capture the bold intruder, I moved neither hand nor foot, so as to make the fox feel as secure as possible. But this self-imposed immobility became soon a very hard task, when I saw how the impudent patron took my pipe, lit it on the fire, and—'I'll eat my fur cap if it ain't so!'—commenced to smoke it, as unconcernedly as one of the *genus homo!* Oh, boys, I assure you, these prairie foxes are up to any game!

"'Reynard Reynard,' I thought, 'had I only one shot in my gun you would soon smell another quality of smoke, not half as good to your taste as my tobacco.' I continued to keep as quiet as possible, and so did Mr. Fox, and when he found his pipe empty he laid the ashes out, ran to my tobacco box, which stood in a corner of the room, and commenced leisurely to refill the pipe. This moment I had been waiting for; with one leap I was out of bed and between him and the door. 'Aha, you little vagabond, now I have got you,' I exclaimed, laughing; 'my dogs will return before long, and they will soon cut short your little tricks.' While I was indulging in this little piece of pleasantry Mr. Reynard had put himself very good naturedly down, and, looking at me with one of his blinking eyes, he seemed to say, 'You haven't got me by far yet.' But now I gave one sharp whistle, which my dogs would undoubtedly hear if they were within a mile or two of my lodge. This sudden manœuvre of mine changed the aspect of affairs considerably, but still the Fox seemed to think—'You can't scare me. You think you have me, but mind, you'll cut yourself, my boy. I'll get you, and that before long.' And, without further parley, the rascal took my vest, which I had laid on the table, and threw it into the fire.

"'Villain, are you crazy?' I exclaimed, and upon the first impulse I had nearly run to the fire to save my vest, but my mind regained its equilibrium in due time. 'With such tricks you can't fool an old trapper,' I exclaimed; 'your skin will give me a better vest than the old worn out one,' and putting the my fingers to my mouth, I gave again as shrill a whistle as possible.

"'Aha, this dose didn't work,' Mr. Foxy appeared to think. 'I'll see what a stronger one can do.' With this he caught hold of my bear skin full fur cap and hurled it, with a mocking grin, into the flames. This was too much. My blood began to boil and I hurled a whole list of execrations upon the head of the mischievous rascal; but my position I kept—not a step I moved from the door. I had put my mind upon it to crush him, and I knew also that his skin was worth more than my vest and cap, and again I put my fingers to my lips, when—just think of it—the double mulled scalawag sat down on his hind legs and put his two fore trotters into his mouth, imitating me; in truth, boys, I'll not get up from this chair if there is the least exaggeration about it. Although my blood was up to fever heat, still when I saw the comical grimaces of that fox, I had to break out laughing and became not able to whistle. This was what the cunning beast had been aiming at; but I saw through his stratagem, and called my dogs louder than before.

"'Thunder,' thought Reynard, 'this is getting too warm for me; I believe it would not be to the benefit of my health if the dogs would arrive now. Cap and vest don't seem to bother him but I'll get him away from the door anyhow.'

"With these words, or at least thinking so, he caught hold of a fire brand with his sharp teeth, pulled it out of the fire and dragged it towards my bed.

"'Halloh, but you will stop at that, you infamous scoundrel; you will put my bed on fire,' I hollered, and ran after him. This was the last resort the essence of a cunning fox had been counting on, and when I was close to him he dropped the wood, and, with one jump, he had reached the outside of my lodge. But now, to climax everything previous, he puts his head through the opening, looks maliciously at me, shows his white teeth, and, with a brass impudence never before equaled, sticks out his tongue! I hate to exaggerate, much less, to tell an untruth; it may be, that I was mistaken at the time, but it appeared to me at that moment as if he was saying, 'Ha, ha, ha,' very sneeringly."

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The Times, Dec. 5th, 1868.—"Mr. Fairclough's performance was intellectual and effective. We do not know where to find so good an Iago among the English actors."

The Times, Sept. 14th, 1868.—"Mr. Fairclough is endowed with striking features and physical grace. He is earnest, natural and unconventional."

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The Observer, Sept. 13th, 1868.—"In the most difficult scenes Mr. Fairclough obtained a very decided success, and was called before the curtain at the close of each act to receive from every part of a crowded house a hearty recognition of his talents."

Daily Telegraph, Aug 31st, 1868.—"Mr. Fairclough's Hamlet was deserving of the favor with which it was received by a crowded and critical audience."

The Observer, Aug. 30th.—"Mr. Fairclough's Hamlet is in all respects the best that has recently been offered to the London public."

The London Review, Sept. 19th, 1868.—"Mr. Fairclough was not Mr. Faircleugh in Richard III's clothes; he was the veritable Duke and King of Shakespeare's play. Mr. Fairclough has acquitted himself so as to demand attention from all who care anything about the tone and character of our modern stage."

The following letter from E. T. Smith, Esq., the well known London manager of the Lyceum Theatre, and for many years of Drury Lane, Astley's and Her Majesty's, published with his permission, speaks for itself:—

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